# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THE RIEL REBELLION—QUELLING A MUTINY OF TEAMSTERS.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM SKETCHES IN THE TORONTO "WAR NEWS."—[SEE PAGE 279.]

**SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.**

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1885.

## DRIFTING.

If old-fashioned Republicans of the SUMNER and SEWARD kind find any comfort or hope in the recent speeches of Senators EVARTS and DAWES in Boston, they are much changed. After a splendid series of patriotic achievements, the great exigency of the war was happily passed, and peaceful administration began. Gradually enormous abuses were developed, and the party sentiment, dulled by many causes, finally acquiesced in a nomination for the Presidency which was wholly repugnant to many Republicans as the triumph of the spirit and tendencies in the party which were most to be deplored. They protested and bolted. They were assailed with every form of falsehood, ribaldry, and vituperation, and they saw with amazement Republican leaders of the highest character openly declaring that in a government by party a man must vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated. With every day and speech of the campaign they saw how alarmingly weakened and strained was the moral mainspring of the Republican party, and at last they saw the party managers counting for success upon a vote which had no real sympathy whatever with the principles, the purposes, and the deeds of the party.

Unable to destroy the fidelity of the protesting Republicans to those principles, as such Republicans understood them, the un-Republican vote on which the managers relied was not strong enough to prevent the defeat of the party. The situation, therefore, seemed to be plain enough. In point of fact most of the leaders of whom we have spoken disapproved the nomination in support of which they maligned Republicans quite as constant and sincere as themselves. Thousands and thousands of Republicans supported it with bitter reluctance, and solely as an alternative of the vague terror of a Democratic restoration, and painfully conscious that they were voting with those who were in no sense Republicans, and voting against a host of those whom they knew to be Republicans of the oldest and truest type. Thousands and thousands of Republicans, when the election was passed, did not regret a result to which they were yet unwilling directly to contribute. Was ever a situation plainer? Here was a body of Republicans who had shown that, much as they might like their party, they liked what they held to be principle and honor and honesty more, who had proved the quality of their loyalty to their principles by opposing the party nomination, and who had shown that practically they held the balance of power. Was ever a course for party managers—to use HAMILTON'S phrase—more evidently traced with a sunbeam?

Yet nearly six months after the election what is the situation? A Democratic President, whose election was to bring indescribable disaster, takes a course so patriotic and wise that, unable to censure it, Senator SHERMAN and Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS declare that it is practically a Republican administration, and Mr. HISCOCK declares that if it carries out the principles of the inaugural address—principles always professed and practiced by the President—Republicans will naturally support it, and Senator ALLISON says that he believes the President to be sincere in his views of reform, and even Senator DAWES in an interview says that the President follows the Republican party and its policy. This is a situation to prove the quality of Republican leadership, and which as mere politics demands comprehensive, progressive, positive, and timely views. What do we find? We find the Republican managers declaring, after the alienation of a powerful body of the oldest and sincerest Republicans, that the party was never so united, and after the unworthy alliance with the Catholic vote, which still was not large enough to elect the party candidate, that it was never so strong. In Massachusetts we find the Republican managers cheering the sentiment that defection from a party is a disorder and disaster to free government, and that regular nominations ought to be supported apparently at any cost, and in New York a Republican Legislature trying to propitiate the Irish Catholic vote by requiring the officers of all penal and reformatory institutions to provide for celebrating mass, and disposed, as an insulting bait for the soldiers' vote, to overthrow the civil service reform law. Is not this a situation which imposes upon every intelligent Republican who is not utterly and stupidly besotted with party spirit the question whether the Republican party has any intelligent, broad, and able leadership, or whether it is to be left to lurch and drift, merely railing at "rebel brigadiers" and sneering at Democratic reform? For some years the main Republican advantage, as HARPER'S WEEKLY has often remarked, has been a deep distrust of the Democratic party. This negative advantage, however, will rapidly disappear under a Democratic administration which such eminent Republicans describe as substantially Republican. The Democratic party owes that distrust in later years to the supposed dominance of its Bourbons. The Republican party also has its Bourbons, and may well beware of Bourbon control.

## THE PRIMROSE PATH.

LORD BEACONSFIELD was fond of primroses, and the strong personal admiration which was felt for him by a large number of Englishmen leads them to honor his memory upon the anniversary of his death by wearing a primrose in the button-hole. The correspondent of the New York *Times* says that this year the homage of the primrose was not confined to Tories, that all day the streets were full of sellers of primroses, and almost everybody wore the badge of the Jingo, while the Queen sent a wreath of primroses to be laid upon the grave of her favorite and flattering Minister. The significance of wearing the flower was that it recalled an Administration which was believed ready to fight everywhere for "British interests," although without especial regard for the right or wrong of the occasion, and which undoubtedly greatly impressed the British imagination of the music halls and the clubs. The primrose path was not one of dalliance. This year the primrose meant impatience of an Administration which it was feared might be meditating a surrender in the negotiations with Russia. The primrose in Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL'S button-hole was a sneer at GLADSTONE. In the button-hole of Lord DUFFERIN it would have been a warning to GLADSTONE.

That Mr. GLADSTONE and every intelligent Englishman desires to avoid war, if it be honorably possible, is undoubtedly true. War in any case is always an immense, although sometimes a necessary, evil; and a war with Russia would be a conflict so vast and of such far-reaching consequences that an English statesman may well wish to be quite sure that so tremendous a struggle ought to be invoked before taking the irrevocable step. NAPOLEON'S famous phrase that Europe would become all republican or all Cossack was founded in the belief that Russia must expand, and that its European expansion could be successfully resisted only by the political principle and society which are radically opposed to its own. Russian expansion, although not toward Europe, has been long prosecuted. It has been gradually subduing Central Asia, and of course it is not for England, whose Queen bears also the primrose and pinchbeck title of Empress of India, to pretend to oppose this expansion upon any other ground than British interests in the highest and most comprehensive sense. That sense of the phrase, however, includes the general welfare of civilization and of Christendom. The plea that Russia seeks merely to push through the mountains of Afghanistan in order to obtain an outlet upon the Indian Ocean is obviously a pretext. There is no good reason that Russia should carry on a perpetually extending system of conquests which is not a reason that other nations should do the same thing. Doubtless she has the same right in Turkestan that England has in India. But, as we said last week, it would be impossible to show that the appearance of Russia in India would be a benefit to Christendom. The gain certainly would be greater if England should displace Russia in Central Asia than it would be if Russia should expel England from India. In other words, England is in a very much more advanced and enlightened stage of civilization than Russia.

Any vital concession, therefore, to postpone war would seem to be a mistake upon the part of the English Government, because it would give Russia advantages in the final contest, which seems to be hardly avoidable. The situation of England, moreover, is such that any apparent hesitation to assert her rights as against Russia would be morally prejudicial in the highest degree. The national feeling that the power of the British name has been declining, that the country has been terribly humiliated in Egypt, that the GLADSTONE Administration is not sufficiently sensitive to the demands of British honor, would make the country very jealous of any issue of the present situation which left the slightest imputation upon British courage or British ability. Mr. GLADSTONE, however, is much more truly and essentially an Englishman than Lord BEACONSFIELD, and his instinct will apprise him of the real feeling of the country. The only question in regard to him is whether, if the true policy be war, he is of the right temperament for a war minister. LOUIS BLANC said of him long ago that his mind was too judicial and conscientious for a great party leader, and possibly he lacks the unquestioning push and persistence which are indispensable to a great war minister. The decision, however, can not be long delayed, and it may be reached when this paper is issued.

## ITALY AND THE UNITED STATES.

THE name of the Italian Vice-Consul in Richmond was signed to the invitation to the public dinner given by citizens of Richmond to Mr. KEILEY, the recently appointed Minister to Italy. But upon a telegraphic message from the Italian Minister to know if the name was signed by authority, the Vice-Consul promptly answered that his name had been used without his consent, and that he should not attend the dinner. This little incident shows the feeling with which the unfortunate selection of Mr. KEILEY is received by the Italian Government, a feeling which is very serious, and the nature of which is clearly pointed out by Mr. W. J. STILLMAN, who has lived long in Italy, and who writes to the *Evening Post* upon the subject.

If, after the Revolution, any European state had sent to us as minister a gentleman who had publicly and vehemently declared that we were abominable rebels, and that our independent government was a wretched usurpation, it would have done what we do in sending Mr. KEILEY to Italy. Indeed, our offense is greater, because the hostility of the old and new *régimes* in Italy is much greater now than it was in this country after the Revolution. The British party had then practically disappeared. But in Italy, and especially in Rome, the Pope, deprived of his temporal, still retains ecclesiastical authority, and the line is sharply and angrily drawn between the papal party and the court. A change of the representative of a foreign government when, as in our case, it follows a change of party ascendency and control in the home government is naturally interpreted as a change of official feeling and policy; and, as Mr. STILLMAN says, the substitution of one of the strongest supporters of the extreme theory of the papal temporal power for representatives of a view thoroughly sympathetic with free Italy, like Mr. MARSH and Mr. ASTOR, signifies a change of American opinion which can be only surprising and painful to intelligent Italians.

This impression would be radically incorrect. There is no change of feeling whatever. The sympathy of this country is heartily with free Italy, and the vote of its reactionary sentiment of sympathy with the temporal papacy was cast largely against the President at the late election. Of his own sincere sympathy with free and progressive Italy there is no doubt. The appearance of Mr. KEILEY at Rome, therefore, as the representative of this country, however excellent and capable a man he may be, and of that we make no question, would be most unfortunate, because entirely misleading. He does not represent the American feeling toward Italy, which is not that of sympathy with the mediæval papacy, but with the young Italy of CAVOUR. The Italian Government, without any personal reflection whatever upon Mr. KEILEY, might very properly object to him as not a *persona grata*. But with the facts fully known our Government should spare that of Italy the necessity of taking so disagreeable a course.

## THE PRESIDENT AND THE INDIANS.

WE trust that Senator DAWES, of Massachusetts, is incorrectly reported in the speech made by him at the late EVARTS dinner in Boston. The Senator is reported to have sneered at the "reforms" of the Administration as composed of the sale of a few worn-out horses, the discharge of a few servants, the dismissal of a few detectives, and hanging the flag at half-mast for the death of a traitor. "But how," he is reported to have asked, "about the policy of the Administration in affairs of more importance?" There is one affair of importance in which Senator DAWES is known to be especially interested, and in which the policy of the Administration is much more consonant with the Senator's views of justice, good faith, and humanity than one of the last acts of the late Administration. We mean the revocation of the Executive

order of the 27th of February, 1885, taking about five hundred acres of land from the Indians upon the Crow Creek Reservation.

The facts of the case we have already stated. Senator DAWES was chairman of a committee of investigation of the Senate to inquire into an agreement with the Sioux made by a commission appointed by Secretary TELLER two years ago, by which the Sioux ceded an immense tract of their reservation—an agreement which Congress refused to ratify. Senator DAWES's committee reported that the consent of the Sioux was obtained by irregular practices of the commission, and the Senator himself drew and advocated a bill securing in an honorable way the cession of a part of the land. The bill was approved by the Senate unanimously, by the President, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and by Secretary TELLER himself, and was awaiting the action of the House, when suddenly, just at the close of the late administration, the important Executive order was issued throwing open land reserved to the Indians by treaty. This was done without notification to the Indian Bureau, or to the Indian committees of Congress, or to Senator DAWES, whose opinion upon the expediency of such an order would have been very valuable. The Indian Rights Association, which has followed the whole matter closely, says that it is well known that before the issue of the order was made public a syndicate was formed for the purpose of speculating in the land which the order threw open.

Upon careful investigation of the whole subject, and after receiving the opinion of the Attorney-General that parts of the land at least belong to the Sioux, and can not be opened to settlement, the President has revoked the order. It is an act strictly in consonance with his remark in the inaugural address that "the conscience of the people demands that the Indians within our boundaries shall be fairly and honorably treated as wards of the government, and their education and civilization promoted, with a view to their ultimate citizenship." It is an act, also, which would seem to demand from every friend of that wise policy, such as we hold Senator DAWES to be, something more than a gibe at "reform."

## NEW YORK REPUBLICANS OPPOSING REFORM.

THE fact that Mr. EARL, a Democrat, introduced the amendment to the civil service law of New York which is intended to evade the law and practically to repeal it does not relieve the Republican majority in the Assembly of its responsibility. Upon the motion for the third reading there were forty Republican and forty-two Democratic ayes, and twelve Republican and four Democratic nays. The Republican party has claimed to be especially the party of reform, and many eminent Republicans justified their votes for Mr. BLAINE upon that ground. But the New York bill was passed by a Democratic Legislature, and approved and enforced by a Democratic Governor. Its practical repeal by the exemption of soldiers and sailors would be the end of any assertion that it is especially a Republican reform.

All the exemption that soldiers can fairly ask is provided by the bill as it was originally passed. The object of the amendment is obvious. It is to establish a class from which appointments can be made at pleasure, and by personal favor. Any other citizen, however shown by examination to be admirably and peculiarly fitted, can be set aside summarily for the henchman of any politician who served in the army or navy, and of course such citizens will hardly care to present themselves for examination. As General CURTIS, who is certainly as competent to speak for the soldiers and sailors as General BARNUM, truly said, the soldiers and sailors ask no such immunity, nor can the exemption be justified upon any good grounds.

Such a breach once made in the law, others will, of course, follow. The police and the firemen can plead hopefully for their exemption, and Mr. CAMPBELL can propose to require every clerk and messenger to give moderate bonds for the proper discharge of his duty. This action will not be lost upon every sincere friend of the reformed system. The contest is between the people and the spoils politicians, and in that conflict, as Mr. NAST's Columbia said to Mr. WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS in the last issue of this paper, the people always win. The New York Republicans whose votes deprive their party of the credit of supporting civil service reform have done the party no service.

## CRIMINAL BUILDING.

IT is a good sign of a disposition to conform to public opinion that an indictment for manslaughter in the first degree has been found against the contractor BUDDENSIEK and three others. The case is that which we mentioned last week of the sudden fall of a block of buildings designed for tenement-houses, and whose fall injured many workmen and killed one. The penalty of the offense is imprisonment for not less than five nor more than twenty years.

A severe and peremptory warning such as the punishment of a building contractor whose greed or negligence causes death and suffering to innocent persons would be most salutary. When there is a fair chance of "scamping" work of the most serious kind, and even when the scamping involves life and limb, there are plenty of persons who will take the chance and run for luck. There is but one effective remedy. It is a fair trial and, upon conviction, an adequate penalty.

The insecurity of dwelling-houses is evidently increasing instead of diminishing with the progress of invention. The furnace, the elevator, the carelessness of structure, are full of perils hitherto unknown, and all that reasonable laws rigidly enforced can do should be done. The proceedings in the BUDDENSIEK case have been thus far prompt and satisfactory, and should they continue so to the end, it would be of the utmost service to the poor people who work upon such buildings, and who subsequently live in them.

## A FALSE REPORT.

A REPORT was lately circulated by the Associated Press to the effect that Mrs. FRANCES E. WILLARD, the President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, had professed to receive a Divine revelation that the Alton Presbytery ought to work zealously for woman suffrage.

Mrs. WILLARD writes us that the statement is utterly unfounded in every respect—a correction which we are very glad to make, as, in common with other journals, the WEEKLY had treated the story as a matter of news.

## GOVERNMENT BY COMMITTEE.

CONGRESSIONAL and State Legislative government in this country, as Mr. WOODROW WILSON points out in his late work upon the subject, is mainly government by committees. A subject is referred to a committee, which investigates and considers, and its favorable or adverse report has great weight, because it is supposed to be the result of careful inquiry. But the late revelation in the New York Legislature in regard to "Mr. SQUIRE's little bill" about water meters throws a curious light upon government by committee.

The chairman of the Committee on Cities recommended from his committee the passage of a bill, and was confronted with the statement by a member of the committee that the bill had not been considered in committee. This statement was peremptorily denied by the chairman at the time, and on a subsequent day in a carefully prepared paper, and his view was sustained by some other members of the committee. But the charge was as peremptorily repeated by its author, and sustained by other members of the committee, including the carefully detailed testimony of one of them. It was plainly intimated that the clerk of the committee had tampered with its records to sustain the assertion of the chairman.

The chairman of the committee is General BARNUM, a Republican, and the author of the counter-statement is Major JAMES HAGGERTY, a Democrat, and unless there is some clearer explanation than has as yet appeared, all persons who are interested in bills referred to the Committee on Cities will have reason for apprehension. The moral of the incident is plainly that a report from that committee can not be accepted as conclusive evidence of any consideration of the subject treated by the report.

## THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

WITH great delicacy and tact and skill Miss SUSAN HALE has prepared a memoir, which the APPLETONS have published, of the richly gifted and charming man who lately died and left no peer, and who will be always affectionately and admiringly remembered as TOM APPLETON. His charm was not communicable, and he left no work either in literature or art which at all justifies the feeling of those who personally knew him. His accomplishment of many kinds, his wide sympathy, his large experience, his special knowledge and taste, his generous appreciation and instinctive homage to the best, and, above all, that play of wit and humor and shrewd perception which cast a glamour over his presence and conversation—all this can be reported and suggested to strangers, but it can be known only to personal friends.

Yet all this may be inferred from the skillfully selected passages from Mr. APPLETON's journals and letters, of which the memoir is chiefly composed, and which are collected from every period of his life. The clear, sweet tone of mental and moral health that runs through them all, a certain manly vigor and generosity, and the total freedom from sentimentality and exuberance, are very remarkable. The letters of few men, chosen serially from twenty to seventy years of age, could leave so even and agreeable an impression. The full mind, the quick perception, the candor, the unfailing good-nature, the poetic and artistic sensitiveness, made him the best of travellers and companions. His mind was never dry. His heart was never closed.

It is in his verses, of which he printed privately a thin volume some years ago, that the strain of melancholy in his nature was seen. It is clear, indeed, from the memoir that he had fully and cheerfully accepted the career which his gifts and the circumstances of life made for him. But more than any other man he knew that his powers implied a genius which yet could not adequately assert itself—a bud whose flower would not blow. It would have been wrong that such a life and character should pass without a record, and a fitter one than this memoir could not have been prepared. On every pleasant page it will certainly suggest how much they lost who did not know THOMAS GOLD APPLETON.

## PERSONAL.

THE late Judge JOHN J. MONELL, of Fishkill-on-the-Hudson, was a genial and much-beloved septuagenarian, who used to say that his good health was due to two causes—first, his steadfast resolution not to worry or overwork himself, and secondly, the fidelity and affection of his man-servant, who always put an extra overcoat in the carriage for him, or an umbrella if it looked at all like rain, and who took as good care of him as if he were his dearest friend. "Well," said the Judge, smiling, "I get all this care by simply paying him good wages and giving him occasionally little extras. He is worth to me a thousand times more than he ever gets out of me; and I think this is the wise way to treat servants." The Judge, a few years ago, was president of the board of trustees of the *Evening Post*, and Mr. BRYANT's confidential friend and legal adviser. He had a way of winning the good-will of his clients. The late Mr. SARGENT, of Fishkill, once told Judge MONELL, who had sold some property very advantageously for him, to take out of the proceeds as big a fee as he chose. The Judge lived in a large and handsome house on a beautiful and commanding knoll of the Hudson River shore. His widow is the widow of ANDREW J. DOWNING, the famous landscape architect.

—Ex-President MARK HOPKINS, of Williams College, though now in his eighty-third year, is as vigorous and comfortable as he has been at any time in thirty years. He has recently been sitting for his portrait to a well-known painter in this city, who praises him as the least impatient and in other respects the best sitter he ever had. His memory for faces is wonderful. He recognizes with ease his pupils of fifty years ago. Dr. HOPKINS's name is indissolubly associated with the growth of the higher learning in the United States. His works on mental science long ago became classics.

—Mr. DAVID NEAL, after twenty-four years of student and professional life at Munich, has been spending the winter in this country, painting some interesting portraits. His full-length portrait of Mrs. CHARLES BRUSH, of Cleveland, Ohio, is an admirable piece of work, conceived in the distinguished style of GAINSBOROUGH, rich in spirit and in the rare quality of speaking to the spectator. His portrait of Mr. PAYNE, of Ohio, has vitality and a winning reserve. It will soon be followed by a portrait of Mr. PAYNE's sister, the wife of Secretary WHITNEY. Mr. NEAL has an engagement to paint a frieze in the magnificent dining-room of Mrs. POTTER PALMER, of Chicago. He is a pupil of PILOTY, and a comrade of GABRIEL MAX and the late HANS MAKART, and in Germany his pictures are celebrated. He will return to his Munich home this summer, but his American orders are so many that it will doubtless be necessary for him to come back next winter. His son is an officer in the German army. Mr. NEAL has reflected distinction upon his country in the land of his adoption.

—Lord TENNYSON's latest poem, entitled "The Fleet," and concerned with the English navy, has little of the polish or inspiration of his prime. But his fame is full, and needs no increment.

—It is a curious fact that both General GRANT and his daughter, Mrs. SARTORIS, have had the unusual amusement of reading their own obituaries. The General must have been especially struck by some of the recent poems in his honor. Mrs. SARTORIS's obituaries a few years ago, when her death was reported from England, were of the most flattering description. There can be no doubt that she is a favorite with the American people.

—Mr. ANTHONY M. KEILEY, our new Minister to Italy, does not take back his regrets, expressed some years ago, that King VICTOR EMANUEL should have made Rome the capital of Italy, and deprived the Pope of his civil dominion there. "My position," he said recently at a dinner in Richmond, Virginia, "was founded on a fundamental axiom of public law, that the invasion of the territory of a peaceful neighbor and the subversion of his authority constitute a violation of the rights of that sovereign. But as the people of Italy have acquiesced in the change, the change is to be accepted. I am to-day, as are millions of my Southern countrymen, recognizing with fullest loyalty the authority of a government over my own State, founded on what I considered a gross and bloody violation of public rights, but an authority fixed and made unalterably secure in the acquiescence of the people."

—Lord LYTTON gives the following version of the last words of Mr. PITT:

"'O England, O my country!' These are not
  The last words spoken by the lips of PITT;
And that's unlucky, for the words have got
  A fine grandiloquence that seems to fit
Lips so sententious. I've been told that what
  Was really said (but I'll not vouch for it)
By that great man before death closed his eyes
  Was, 'Bring me one of BELLAMY's veal pies.'"

—COLERIDGE, according to Sir HENRY TAYLOR, was once insulted by an article in a newspaper. He went to the office and demanded to see the editor. He was civilly shown into a back room and asked to wait. At length the door opened, and a prize-fighter of huge dimensions presented himself, saying, "Sir, *I* am the editor."

—The late Earl CAIRNS, Lord High Chancellor of England, was a Sunday-school teacher when appointed to that position. Somebody asked him if he would not be compelled to give up Sunday-school work. "Certainly not," he answered. His successor in the earldom is the much-written-about Lord GARMOYLE, who recently visited this country after figuring in a celebrated breach-of-promise suit. The late earl's last speech in the House of Lords was against the Sunday opening of museums.

—The New York *World* is making one of the most effective contributions to the completion of the pedestal for the BARTHOLDI statue. That enterprising journal undertook to secure the $100,000 necessary to complete the work, and its subscription amounted last week to considerably more than one-third of this sum.

—The feeling in London respecting LOUIS RIEL's rebellion is expressed by the *Daily Chronicle*: "In the rising of 1870 LOUIS RIEL blossomed for a brief space from an idle and dissolute loafer into a leader of a popular movement. There is every appearance that his dictatorship will this time be of even shorter duration. He has no claim either upon our sympathies or consideration. It is to be hoped that if this sham half-breed agitator again falls into the hands of the Dominion government, effective precautions will be taken to prevent him from ever being concerned in another rising."

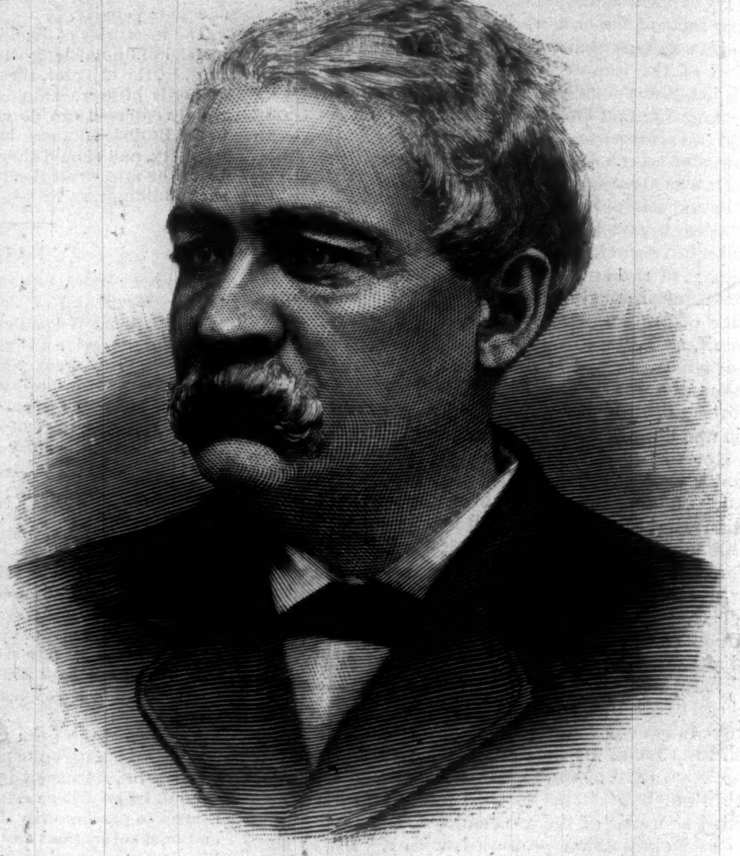
—Of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland the Kilkenny *Moderator* said, eloquently: "Disaffection has retreated far away into the background, slunk like some ugly and savage beast to its dark lair, impressed deeply with the knowledge that this is no time for it to exhibit in the light of day its very unlovely form."

—JOSHUA BAKER, ex-Governor of Louisiana, died at the residence of his only surviving daughter, Mrs. MARGARET C. VAN BERGEN, in Lyme, Connecticut, on the 15th of April, at the age of eighty-six. He was a native of Kentucky, and at the time of his death was the oldest living graduate of West Point. After receiving his diploma he studied law, and practiced in Louisiana for many years. Of late his summers have been spent in Connecticut. Governor BAKER was an intimate friend of General HANCOCK. His grandson is Judge JOSHUA G. BAKER, of New Orleans. He was buried in Greenwood Cemetery, April 17.

—The American Committee of the Statue of Liberty, as an additional means of completing its excellent and public-spirited work of providing the pedestal for M. BARTHOLDI's colossal figure, has prepared an exact reproduction of the statue and its pedestal in miniature. There are two of these statuettes, one twelve inches high and one six. The former is offered for sale at five dollars, and the latter at one dollar. The pedestal in each is of nickel silver and the figure of bronze. Remittances should be forwarded to Mr. RICHARD BUTLER, secretary of the committee, at No. 33 Mercer Street, New York.

—A traveller recites an occurrence in New Zealand that might have happened much nearer home. In one of the chief stores the other day a lady who aspires to the "dress circle" was greeted with a hearty "How d'ye do?" from an old settler's wife. Tossing her head with becoming dignity, she exclaimed, "I don't know you." "You don't?" answered the blunt old lady. "I knew you very well twenty years ago, and have bought many a box of matches of you at my door."

THE LATE COLONEL ELDER.
[SEE PAGE 279.]



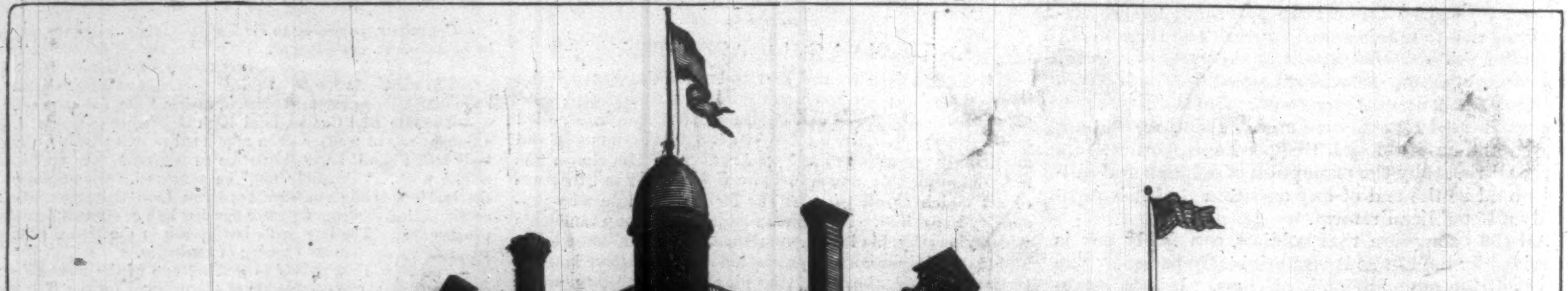
CONRAD N. JORDAN, TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDRICKS.—[SEE PAGE 279.]

## THE NEW HOTEL IN ATLANTA.

THE completion and formal opening of the new H. I. Kimball House in Atlanta, Georgia, is an event of more than usual significance, even in a city so prosperous and enterprising. The original H. I. Kimball House was destroyed by fire on the 12th of August, 1883. Immediately after the old hotel was in ashes the citizens determined that it should be rebuilt at the earliest date possible. Hon. H. I. KIMBALL, the projector and builder of the original hotel, was summoned to the work, and entered upon it with great energy. The result is seen in the present completed hotel, which is pronounced by experts to be one of the most substantial, elegant, and perfectly appointed inns in the United States.

Ground was broken for the rebuilding November 12, 1883; the first brick was laid December 12, 1883; celebration and high tea on the roof August 12, 1884; partial opening to the public January 12, 1885; formal opening of the completed hotel April 30, 1825. The building is of pressed brick, with terra-cotta and granite trimmings, is thoroughly fire-proof, and is located within a few hundred feet of the centre of the city. The house rises seven stories above the basement, contains 31 stores and general offices, 357 large, airy sleeping chambers, and 22 large public rooms, not including kitchens, store-rooms, bakery, and working-apparatus rooms. As will be seen, the building has a distinct suggestion of the Dutch Renaissance in which the New York of two centuries ago was built, of which so many examples are to be seen in Holland and North Germany, and which is peculiarly appropriate, by its expression of quaint and comfortable domesticity, to the uses of an inn.

The interior decorations and appointments are so disposed as to give to each and every part of the building an elegant and artistic feature of its own. The citizens of Atlanta feel a just pride in the accomplishment of this enterprise. The formal opening is made the occasion of a congratulatory banquet and reception that gives it especial interest in the annals of the city.



THE NEW H. I. KIMBALL HOUSE, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—FROM A DRAWING BY HORACE BRADLEY.

PARISH WORK AT ST. GEORGE'S.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 283.]

1. The Girls' Friendly Society. 2. A Lesson in Cookery. 3. Girls' Drawing Class. 4. At the Church Door. 5. The Boys' Club.

# ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

Author of "Matrimony," "Mlle. de Mersac," "Thirlby Hall," etc.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### INDISCRETION.

Despite the efforts of the Nihilists, Fenians, and other well-meaning individuals who have rendered the latter part of the nineteenth century so exciting a period to live in, the science of blowing people up is still far from having attained exactitude. In laying mines or throwing glass balls filled with explosives, so many possibilities have to be taken into account that it almost seems as if this method of improving society would in the end prove too disheartening to be persevered with. The royal train passes in safety over the perilous spot, and it is only the royal baggage, following half an hour later, that is converted into smithereens; the tyrant whom it is desired to "remove" passes along the street scathless, while some unoffending citizen makes a premature ascent to the skies. And so Miss Susan Bowman, who had conceived a really ingenious plan for wrecking Mr. Vidal's happiness, and had worked it out with an attention to details which ought to have insured success, arrived at no more satisfactory result than the destruction of such remnants of happiness as were left to Mr. Vidal's wife.

Clare never for a moment thought of making such a scene as Susan's sanguine fancy had anticipated. She knew that angry words would not mend matters; and even if she could have brought herself to confess that she had played the spy upon her husband, she would have shrunk from speaking of what she felt to be in some sort degrading to herself as well as to him. Her feeling was not so much one of indignation as of dull despair. She wanted to get away from Adrian: not to quarrel with him or upbraid him, but simply to get away from him for a time. It vexed her not a little to discover that, in spite of all that he had done, she loved him still. Why should she go on caring for a man who no longer cared for her? She could not tell why—she had always believed that she would hate him if he proved false to her; but now that the blow had fallen, she found that she did not hate him. Those whose hearts are broken can hardly suffer much from wounded pride. Clare's pride asserted itself no farther than to make her resolve that her husband should never suspect the existence of the weakness which she could not overcome. "If I could only get away!" she repeated to herself over and over again. She dwelt upon this thought until what had at first been no more than a vague wish became a definite and imperative craving; and when Adrian, who had been dining out, came home that night, he found her, rather to his surprise, waiting for him in the drawing-room.

"Adrian," she said at once, "I want to go home for Christmas."

"To go home?" he echoed, in some consternation. "Well, really, I don't quite see how we could manage that."

"Not you; of course you could not leave London. But there is no reason why I should not go alone. They would be glad to have me at home; and I have not been feeling well lately."

"Are you really not feeling well, Clare?"

"I never feel quite well here," she answered, evasively. "I dare say I shall feel better in Cornwall. Have you any objection to my going?"

Adrian hesitated. "Won't they think it rather odd?" he suggested.

"I don't think so. There is nothing extraordinary in my requiring a change of air and in your being too busy to go out of town. You need not be afraid about that," she added, with a rather bitter smile. "I am no more anxious than you are that they should know what terms we are on."

An interval of silence was broken by a deep sigh from Adrian. "Do you *like* being upon these terms, Clare?" he asked.

"I think they are the only terms possible for us," she replied, coldly. "May I write to my mother, then?"

"Oh, by all means, if you wish it," answered Adrian, whose temper, as we know, had already been tried that day, and who was beginning to think that it would have been no bad thing if Adam had been allowed to keep all his ribs. "I shall not spend a very cheerful Christmas; but that, of course, is of no consequence. How long do you propose to make your visit?"

"I thought of a month; but I could come back sooner, if I was wanted for anything here." She added, after a moment, "I think the servants understand their work pretty well now; but I will speak to the cook before I go, and make arrangements so that you shall not be troubled about ordering dinner."

"Oh, if you are going to be as much as a month away, I shall put the servants on board wages, and take my meals at the club," answered Adrian.

Clare felt a twinge of compunction. If it had been in her power to inflict some sharp mental suffering upon her husband, she would not, perhaps, have stayed her hand; but the idea of driving him out-of-doors to seek his dinner was repugnant to her. "I am afraid that will be very inconvenient," she murmured; "it is such a long way to go."

"No; I shall not find it so. I can always dress there in the evenings, and I rather like a walk before breakfast. Besides, I am not particularly fond of eating in absolute solitude."

Adrian felt himself decidedly aggrieved, and this is always a consolatory sensation. He did not press his wife for reasons for her desertion of him, nor did she volunteer any. It was arranged that she should start for Cardrew in the second week of December, and the prospect of a speedy release enabled her to bear herself with tolerable composure during the interim.

The day fixed upon for her departure was drawing nigh, when she was made the recipient of an honor as unexpected as it was flattering. Lord St. Austell, who was at one time a great frequenter of ladies' drawing-rooms, has of late years ceased to seek relaxation in that particular field, and is now more often to be seen behind the plate-glass window of his club toward five o'clock in the afternoon than beside the tea tables of his fair friends. Nevertheless, it was at that hour on a dim December day that his brougham stopped at the door of a certain modest mansion in Alexandra Gardens, and immediately afterward he was shown into the presence of our astonished heroine, his eyeglass in his eye, a smart little bouquet in his button-hole, and his teeth agreeably conspicuous.

"And how is Mrs. Vidal?" inquired his lordship, pleasantly, holding out a lavender-kidded hand. It is hard for even the most juvenile of old gentlemen to keep quite abreast of the customs of the day, and Lord St. Austell has never been able to divorce himself from his lavender kid gloves.

"I have come," he continued, "to beg for a cup of tea." And thereupon he seated himself beside Clare's work-table, and contemplated her across it with that dreadful grinning smile of his, in which his eyes did not participate.

Upon the face of it, there is no reason at all why an elderly acquaintance should not drop in toward the close of the afternoon and ask for a cup of tea; but Clare would hardly have been more taken aback if the Czar of all the Russias had suddenly presented himself with the same modest request. She displayed a good deal of confusion, thereby delighting her visitor, who thought modesty a very becoming thing in a young woman.

"I did not know you were in London," she remarked, saying the first thing that came into her head.

"I only arrived from Paris yesterday; but Lady St. Austell has been here for some weeks. Of course she has called upon you. No? I am quite ashamed—I blush for her. But she is so young and thoughtless that she often forgets her duties, I am sorry to say. She has not forgotten Mr. Vidal, though; for I left him in Grosvenor Square half an hour ago. But perhaps I ought not to have mentioned that; perhaps he doesn't always tell you what house he is bound for when he goes out. I don't mind confessing that I didn't tell Lady St. Austell I was coming here."

"Do you take cream and sugar?" asked Clare, not much relishing this style of conversation.

"Anything that you are kind enough to give me, my dear Mrs. Vidal; senna would taste sweet, coming from your hand. I was saying that I had seen Mr. Vidal at my house. I left a positive mob there—my son amongst the rest. I don't know whether you ever met my son?"

Clare said she had not had that pleasure.

"Ah, well, you haven't missed much. Blaise is a very good fellow, but he is too good for poor sinners like me. He is many years older than I am, and he depresses me so with his solemn ways that I generally slip out of the house as soon as he enters it. He means to stay with us for another week, I am told. Perhaps you will allow me to take refuge with you sometimes during this period of affliction."

"I should be most happy," answered Clare, using that conventional phrase as sincerely as it has ever been uttered, "but I am going down to Cornwall the day after to-morrow."

Lord St. Austell fell back in his chair, with an exaggerated show of consternation. "Going down to Cornwall! Oh, Mrs. Vidal, how can you have the cruelty to deal such knock-down blows with a smiling face? Why go down to the gales and rains of Cornwall? Why not stay in London and console the humblest of your slaves? *Do* stay!" He bent insinuatingly over the table, and stretched out his hand to grasp that of his hostess, which, however, he missed, owing to its abrupt withdrawal.

Clare shrank back affrighted from those grinning jaws, those wicked old gleaming eyes. It must be admitted that Lord St. Austell's method of making love was somewhat wolfish; but he had met with so many a tender lambkin willing to jump down his throat that he had not unnaturally learned to make advances more bold than wary. Nevertheless, he knew better than to follow up one false step by another; so, pushing back his chair, he fell to discoursing about Paris and the last new play at the Comédie Française in a pleasant, fatherly sort of way, until she became re-assured, and began to think that perhaps he was not such a bad old man, after all. Having created this favorable impression, he proceeded forthwith to obliterate it.

"I suppose," said he, "that when you are in Paris you spend a good deal of your time in flattening your nose against the jewellers' windows. All ladies do. So do I, sometimes. I saw this," he continued, opening a small velvet case, which he took from his breast pocket, "in the Rue de la Paix, and it rather took my fancy."

Clare examined the diamond pendant handed over to her for inspection. "It is lovely," she said.

"So glad it pleases you; because I was thinking of you when I bought it. Will you accept it, dear Mrs. Vidal?"

"Oh no, thank you!" exclaimed Clare, dropping the case and drawing back. "I never accept presents of jewelry."

"Don't you think," asked Lord St. Austell, sweetly—"excuse my saying so—but don't you think that is a little bit prudish of you?"

"Prudishness has nothing to do with it," replied Clare, the color mounting into her cheeks. "I don't care to receive presents from strangers; that is all."

"But I," observed Lord St. Austell, imperturbably, "am not a stranger. Added to which, I really think that, taking everything into consideration, I may claim certain privileges."

"Do you mean on account of your advanced age?" asked Clare, who understood his insinuation, and was made so angry by it that all her timidity left her. "No doubt that is quite sufficient to absolve me of any prudishness if I refuse to take a valuable present from you; still, I would rather not have it, thank you."

Lord St. Austell thought that a little display of temper made pretty Mrs. Vidal look prettier than ever. It was without any acerbity that he replied: "I was not alluding to my age; only to the fact that I am my wife's husband, while you are your husband's wife. It seems to me that, as we are both so accommodating, we are entitled to treat ourselves to little equivalents every now and then. At the same time I should be very sorry to force my poor trinket upon you against your will. Let us talk about something else."

But Clare did not want to talk about anything else. Her only wish was to get rid of this odious old satyr as soon as possible, and she made that wish so plain that he was presently compelled to take his leave. He squeezed her hand affectionately at parting, and said: "As you are going away, Mrs. Vidal, I shall go too. There will be nothing to stay in London for now; but we shall meet again before the spring, I trust, and in the mean time I shall be always thinking about you."

To this speech Clare listened in chilling silence; but when her venerable persecutor had left her, she sat down and began to cry softly. This, then, was the sort of life that she was destined to lead henceforth; and it was to insults such as these that women of the world were expected to submit without taking offense; and it was in the society of such people as the St. Austells that Adrian delighted!

Had she been able to read the thoughts that were passing through Adrian's mind at that same moment, she would have discovered that he did not always find Lady St. Austell's society delightful. On entering her drawing-room that afternoon he had found a large assemblage of visitors already seated there, and before them all she had smiled upon him, languished at him, and whispered to him in a way that caused them to exchange significant glances, and made him very uncomfortable. He did not want to be thus distinguished; he did not want people to say—as he knew they would say—that he was the latest of this capricious lady's admirers, and he did his best to check her advances. In this attempt he failed completely. Lady St. Austell had three good reasons for conducting herself as she was doing. Firstly, flirtation was as the breath of her nostrils to her; secondly, she wished to get rid of her visitors, who bored her; thirdly, and lastly, it gave her much pleasure to shock her step-son, Lord Blaise, whom she could not endure, and who was now standing upon the hearth-rug, looking down upon her with astonishment and disgust. So she continued to whisper soft nothings to Adrian, and the visitors departed, one by one, and Lord Blaise looked more and more displeased every minute.

There was a saying to the effect that the Earls of St. Austell were alternately rips and prigs, and that a black-haired earl was invariably succeeded by a red-headed one. Perhaps each heir-apparent, on surveying himself in the glass, may have felt that it was hopeless to struggle against his manifest destiny, and so may have helped to perpetuate the tradition. The father of the present holder of the title had been an eminently respectable old person, who had lived well within his income, and had collected butterflies; his son, who was now something more than middle-aged, and whose carroty locks were streaked with gray, had once been described by the leader of his party as the most conscientious and the dullest man in England. When Lord Blaise rose in the House of Commons there was a general stampede. No one had ever been found who could listen to him for five minutes without falling into profound slumber, and the newspapers never thought of reporting him at length. This did not prevent him from plodding on with his carefully prepared speeches from the exordium to the bitter end; nor had it kept him out of office. He had been Under-Secretary for various departments, and had distinguished himself by the patience with which he submitted to be questioned, and by the extraordinary prolixity of his replies. His party was at present in opposition; and this was a source of grief to him, for he loved the labor of going into details, and it was not always easy to obtain a hearing when after much research he had discovered some inaccuracy in the statements of his successor. In private life he had not a great many friends, although he was just, benevolent, and perfectly straightforward in all his words and ways. It is permissible to a man to be straightforward, if only he will be so in a pleasant manner; but poor Lord Blaise's manner was not pleasant, and this made his straightforwardness unwelcome to most people.

His step-mother, who had had to listen to more than one remonstrance from his lips, and had found it equally impossible to conciliate and to break with him, derived some satisfaction from outraging his notions of propriety, and if she could have induced Adrian to respond a little more warmly now to the encouragement vouchsafed to him, she would not have felt that her afternoon had been wholly barren of amusement. When the last of her guests had gone away, she seated herself on an ottoman beside the young author and said: "Now we can talk in peace. You need not mind Lord Blaise; he is mounting guard over us in the interests of morality, and cart-ropes would not drag him out of the room."

Lord Blaise cleared his voice, thrust his hands into his pockets, and leaned back against the mantel-piece. It always took him some little time to think of a reply, and Lady St. Austell went on, without waiting for him: "He may safely be treated as a nonentity. The only language that he speaks is the language of Hansard and Blue-books, and he won't understand more than a word here and there of what we say."

"We have no secrets to talk about that I am aware of," remarked Adrian.

"How cautious you are! It really is rather hard that one can never count upon ten undisturbed minutes in one's own house. The end of it will be that I shall have to go to yours. Will you admit me, if I knock at your door?"

"Of course we should be delighted, Lady St. Austell," answered Adrian, "but unluckily my wife is going down to the country the day after to-morrow."

"You don't say so! Then the day after to-morrow you may expect to see me. She will leave in the morning, I suppose?"

"Julia," broke in Lord Blaise, in a harsh voice, "when do you leave town?"

"Really I don't know; I haven't made up my mind yet. If it didn't sound inhospitable, I would ask when *you* mean to go?"

"Your movements," replied Lord Blaise, "need not be in any way affected by mine. I require nothing more than a bedroom, and I can easily remain on here after you move, if necessary. As a matter of fact, I believe that I shall finish the business that I have to attend to in about three days' time."

"In that case you may count upon being cheered by my company throughout your stay. But to return to what I was saying," she added, addressing Adrian; "I really should enjoy above all things paying you a visit. May I?"

"Oh, certainly," said Adrian, with a somewhat ungracious air.

"Very well; that is settled. The day after to-morrow, then, about three o'clock in the afternoon. I shall come early, so as to have a good long time, and I shall explore the recesses of your study, and sit in the historical chair in which you meditate upon your writings. Perhaps I may write a few words as a memento of my visit, with the historical pen. What fun it will be!"

Lord Blaise frowned heavily at Vidal; but as the latter did not speak, he felt bound to utter a protest. "Are you aware, Julia," he asked, "that in acting as you propose you risk nothing less than the loss of your character?"

"Exactly so," agreed Lady St. Austell; "that is the amusing part of it. I have long wished to do something innocent and at the same time truly shocking, and this is an opportunity which may not recur. There will be very little risk about my visit to Mr. Vidal's house, because only three people will know of it, and they will all hold their tongues upon the subject, I think. I shall not tell for obvious reasons; Mr. Vidal will not tell, because he is a gentleman. About you I am not quite so sure; but after all it is only fair to you to say that you are not an absolute idiot."

"In view of the very serious nature of the case," said Lord Blaise, not at all mollified by this passing tribute to his intellectual powers, "I must claim the right of exercising my own judgment as to the line of action which it may be advisable for me to adopt." And with that he marched out of the room.

Lady St. Austell burst into a fit of laughter. "Now, would you," she asked—"*would* you have believed it possible that Lord St. Austell could have such a son as that?"

"I certainly think you were paying him rather too high a compliment when you said that he was not an idiot," replied Adrian, who was a good deal put out. "I should have thought any one with a grain of intelligence would have understood that you were not serious in proposing to go to my house."

"What! not serious? Indeed I never was more serious in my life. If anything in this world is certain, it is certain that I shall be in Alexandra Gardens the day after to-morrow as the clock strikes three."

"Really, I think you had better not."

"How disagreeable you are!" cried Lady St. Austell, petulantly. "You never do anything that I want you to do! Why should you grudge me a little harmless amusement? It can't hurt *you*, whatever happens."

Adrian was not quite so sure of that; but he only said, "It was of you that I was thinking."

"Then pray don't disturb yourself on my account any longer. If I choose to be imprudent for once in a way, that is my affair. One thing I can promise you: if you won't allow me into your house, you shall not be allowed into mine again."

A more alarming form of menace might have been discovered; but such as it was, it served its purpose. Adrian yielded, and presently took his leave, inwardly resolving to give Lady St. Austell no second pretext for compromising herself and him.

Late that night, as Lord St. Austell was sitting in the smoking-room of his club he was surprised to see his son approaching him with the aspect of one who has a purpose in hand.

"Hullo, Blaise!" said he, "what are you doing abroad at this hour? I thought your nurse always put you to bed and tucked you up at ten sharp during the recess."

"I want to say a word or two to you about Julia," began Lord Blaise, disregarding this facetious greeting. "She will get herself into serious trouble if she goes on as she is doing. I suppose you and she understand each other, and you apparently see no objection to a good deal that I should think highly undesirable in my wife, but you can hardly wish her to be the heroine of an open scandal, and—"

"Blaise," interrupted Lord St. Austell, fixing a steady stare upon his heir-apparent, "did you ever hear how it was that an ancestor of ours

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1463.

came very near having his head cut off in the reign of James II.?"

"He was suspected of being implicated in Monmouth's rebellion. The evidence was of the flimsiest description, and I believe that nothing whatever was proved against him beyond a few imprudent speeches."

"Just so. He made some imprudent speeches, and meddled with what didn't concern him. I wouldn't follow his example if I were you."

"Nobody can cut my head off," remarked Lord Blaise.

"No; but somebody can cut you out of the whole of the Hertfordshire estates, and of a very considerable amount of personal property. Believe me, you had better stick to politics, and leave social affairs to meaner intellects."

"I am sorry if my remarks offend you," said Lord Blaise; "but your displeasure will not prevent me from telling you that I heard Julia make an appointment this afternoon to visit a certain Mr. Vidal at his house the day after to-morrow, having previously ascertained that his wife would be absent from home on that day."

Lord St. Austell chuckled, and seemed much amused. "The deuce she did!" cried he. "This is great sport. My dear Blaise, you did well to impart this distressing news to me, and I will not disinherit you so long as you continue to be honest and virtuous. May I ask whether you heard any hour fixed for the appointment that you speak of."

"Yes; she mentioned three o'clock."

"Thank you very much. Now I won't keep you out of bed any longer. I am sure that the family honor is safe in your keeping, and that you won't let anybody else into the secret which you have so properly confided to me. Good-night."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

When Adrian had taken Clare's ticket for Polruth, had put her into the train, and had recommended her to the care of the guard, he walked away sadly enough. The day was damp, raw, and dismal, and he shuddered as he thought of the empty house whither he was returning—that empty house in which he was presently to have the honor of receiving Lady St. Austell. After Adrian had reached home, he began to hope that this aspect of the case might have presented itself to Lady St. Austell as well as to himself, and that calmer reflection would induce her to abandon her rash purpose.

But this hope was doomed to disappointment. Punctually at three o'clock her carriage dashed up to the door, and directly afterward she swept into the drawing-room with an air of triumph.

"You see I have kept my word," she said.

"I feel very proud," answered Adrian. "I will ring and order some tea."

"Oh, not yet, thank you," laughed Lady St. Austell; "I have only just finished luncheon. Now confess the truth: you never believed that I should come, did you?"

"The proof that I did is that I am here," Adrian replied. "I don't think I have ever been at home at this hour before."

"Well, at any rate you hoped I shouldn't come, and at this moment you are wishing with all your heart that I hadn't. Strictly between ourselves, I may tell you that I had quite made up my mind this morning not to come; but when Blaise walked in to luncheon with a face as long as Cromwell Road, and asked me what I was going to do in the afternoon, I couldn't resist the temptation of replying, 'I thought I told you that I was going to see Mr. Vidal.' And so here I am. If you could manage to look a little less awkward and uncomfortable, it would set me more at my ease."

Adrian endeavored to obey this injunction. It was some relief to him to find that Lady St. Austell was not in one of her sentimental moods. "What shall I do to amuse you?" he asked, cheerfully.

"I don't think I need call upon you to exert yourself yet; just at present the sensation of being here is sufficiently amusing in itself. So your wife has gone home, has she?"

"Yes. I don't know whether you care for Japanese china; but I have some Satsuma in the next room which my father-in-law got for me, and which is rather good, I believe. Would you like to see it?"

"Presently. I was going to ask you about your wife. Why has she gone off like this?"

"She wants to see her people."

"That is re-assuring. I was afraid I might be the innocent cause of her flight."

"She does not even know that you are in London," said Adrian, with a touch of impatience.

"I wouldn't be so sure of that, if I were you. She knows more than you think for, perhaps: people's wives generally do. And I can tell you something about her that you don't know: she has made a conquest."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, indeed. And who, of all people in the world, should her admirer be but my husband! Isn't it funny? It is as if we four had sat down to a rubber of whist; only we are all rather bad players, because we can't find out what our partners have in their hands. I don't know when I have been more tickled than when I heard of Lord St. Austell's latest infatuation. The second coachman told his valet, who told my maid, who told me, that he paid Mrs. Vidal a visit of over an hour the other day."

A more unwelcome piece of intelligence could hardly have been conveyed to Adrian, who now began to understand why Clare had avoided speaking to him or looking at him during the last two days. "This is very flattering," he remarked, grimly.

"Well, not so *very;* because Lord St. Austell is anything but particular, and I doubt whether he ever was what I should call really in love in his life. It is great fun, though."

"It does not appear so to me," said Adrian; "but possibly my appreciation of the ludicrous may be defective."

Lady St. Austell stared at him and laughed. "How glum you look!" she exclaimed. "Are you going to assume the part of a jealous husband? That would be perfect! It would then only remain for Lord St. Austell to honor me in the same way—he does so sometimes—and the whole business would become so delightfully involved that we should none of us know exactly what was the matter. What I should like would be to see Lord St. Austell and Mrs. Vidal walk into the room now."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Adrian.

"Heaven is not likely to work miracles for our benefit; but supposing that it were possible for those two to appear suddenly, what a thrilling scene we should have! You must admit that it would be thrilling."

"I dare say it would," answered Adrian; "but I don't think I like being thrilled. Won't you come and look at my china, and leave the absent to look after themselves?"

Inwardly he was wondering how much longer Lady St. Austell meant to stay. He had found it pleasant enough to visit her in Grosvenor Square, and to be sympathized with and petted by her; but it was quite another thing to have her sitting in his own drawing-room, suggesting horrible catastrophes, and affecting that recklessness of tone which is so extremely repulsive in a woman of whom you do not happen to be enamored. He heartily wished that he had had the strength of mind to tell her plainly that he must decline to receive her during his wife's absence.

As, however, the mischief was done now, and could not be undone, he wisely resolved to make the best of things, and not to offend a lady who, good-natured though she was, did not readily pardon those who remained insensible to her charms.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE NEW UNITED STATES TREASURER.

Mr. Conrad N. Jordan was appointed by President Cleveland last week United States Treasurer. He will succeed Treasurer A. U. Wyman, who has resigned after twenty-two years of service in the Treasury Department. The change will take place on May 1.

Mr. Jordan began business as a clerk in the Hanover Bank in this city, where he passed through the various grades of clerkship until he became general book-keeper. Leaving the Hanover Bank, he went to a bank at Fishkill, but remained there only a short time. He became connected with the banking firm of Winslow, Lanier, & Co. twenty-five years ago, and was made cashier of the Third National Bank, which was started by this firm in 1864. He remained in that place until four years ago, his administration of the affairs of the bank being very successful. At that time he resigned, and became treasurer of the New York, Ontario, and Western Railroad. He left this place a year ago. Since that time he has been busy in advancing a scheme for the establishment of a national clearing-house. He has been familiar with the financial operations of the Treasury Department for years. Secretary Manning chose him to look into the methods of the Treasurer's office, and the change in the form of the debt statement and the presentation of the assets and liabilities was a result of his investigation. It is said that he has a great liking for figures, and that it is his ambition to make the affairs of the Treasurer's office so plain that they may be comprehended by all who understand book-keeping. Mr. Jordan is said to be a man of strict integrity and strong determination. It is told of him that he once jumped off from a North River ferry-boat and saved the life of a young woman who had fallen into the water.

## COLONEL SAMUEL S. ELDER.

The United States army has lost a gallant officer, and the United States Artillery School at Fort Monroe an able instructor, in the death of Colonel Samuel S. Elder, which took place on the 6th of April. For the last sixteen years he has left the impress of a personal sentiment upon the classes that have assembled at that institution, as he laid open to them the accumulated treasures of his mind on the special subject that had been assigned to him as Instructor of Law. His pupils were for the most part graduates of West Point, who had gone to Fort Monroe to pursue their studies after some service in the army. During most of the period embraced in the last two years he was on duty as a member of the Gun Foundry Board. This duty afforded him the opportunity of visiting the principal gun establishments of Europe. He thus became thoroughly conversant with the best and latest researches in a department where the United States army has been for nearly twenty years behind the other armies of the world. It was Colonel Elder's ambition that this country should manufacture some large guns which would prove more effective than the Krupp, Armstrong, and Whitworth varieties. It was his belief that with an adequate appropriation from Congress we could institute experiments that would astonish Europe.

General Tidball, the commandant of the post, in his admirable and touching order announcing the death of Colonel Elder, says: "The many officers who have received instruction from him will remember his ability as an instructor and urbanity as an officer. . . .His honorable career as a soldier was in keeping with the upright man. The kindliness of his disposition was exemplified by the love and friendship in which he was held by children in return for the never-ceasing affection which he bestowed upon them. He leaves this world without an enemy behind him. In him the service has lost a valuable officer, society an ornament, and his neighbors one whose sympathetic friendship endeared him to all."

For nearly six months during the late war Colonel Elder suffered the privations and the foulness of the prison pen at Columbia, South Carolina, having been captured in one of the engagements at Bermuda Hundreds; and although he succeeded in escaping from that life of horror by the keenness of his wits and great daring, and was able to make himself felt in the series of battles that ended in the surrender at Appomattox Court-House, the seeds of disease sown during his captivity were never eradicated from his system. But it was a source of satisfaction to him that from the outbreak of the war to its triumphant close he had been able to serve his country. He was appointed Second Lieutenant of the First Artillery in 1861, and was made Brevet Captain for gallantry at the battle of Antietam, Brevet Major for gallantry at the battle of Olustee, Florida, and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallantry at the battle of Drury's Bluff.

These brief records show the character and the spirit of the man. So delightful a companion was he that one might have supposed him to believe that the prime principle of the human constitution is the social; but those who best knew him knew that he set most store by the qualities of fidelity, truth, justice, and virile modesty. With his strong will, his robust but delicate soul, his delight, like a genuine master, in the work that he undertook, his power of vitalizing others, and his acute sense of professional honor and duty, Colonel Elder was at once the pride and the hope of his friends. It is they who understand how much the country has lost by his untimely death.

## MUTINOUS ARMY TEAMSTERS.

Canadian backwoodsmen are not used to being ordered about. The picture on our front page illustrates an incident in the Riel rebellion in the Northwest. It occurred at Jackfish Bay, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. A detachment of the Queen's Own Rifles had been sent on from there to a certain point by sleighs. Colonel Miller, who was in command of the detachment, had agreed with the teamsters to carry on the main part of the troops, and then to return to Jackfish Bay for him and the twenty men whom he had kept with him. The teamsters found their first trip a hard one. They were delayed by a heavy snow, and it was very late when they got back to Jackfish Bay. Before they got there they had made up their minds that they would not undertake a second trip. Arriving at Jackfish Bay, they put up their horses, and flatly refused to take Colonel Miller and his twenty men to the spot where the main body of the detachment had been left. After some time spent in vain expostulation, Colonel Miller drew up his little force in line, and his command to "fix bayonets" was executed with such suggestive alacrity that the teamsters were cowed. They yielded sullenly, hitched up their horses again, and Colonel Miller and his men were enabled without further trouble to rejoin their detachment. The Toronto *War News* reminds the backwoods teamsters that any of them who are hired or impressed by the government are subject to military discipline, under which the word "won't" is not tolerated.

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

It seems probable that the telephone wires of this city, on account of their great number, have become mixed. It takes an especial class of persons to converse over them with anything approaching to a satisfactory result. This class of persons may be called experts in their way. They possess inordinate patience and application, and are capable of shouting "Hello!" for an hour at a time without any appearance of exasperation or fatigue. They could have made bricks without straw in Egypt, and they could be mule-drivers if such an occupation were worth their while.

A correspondent of the London *Times* paid a visit to King Mankoroane in Bechuanaland. The king was asleep in his hut. He wore a red flannel shirt, a blue coat, very old corduroy trousers, cloth-top boots, and no socks. The correspondent presented cigarettes to the queen and two princesses, and sang to them a comic song, at which they laughed heartily, but the king only awakened when the baby began to cry. He shook hands cordially, and asked for some tobacco and a shilling. The correspondent happened to drop the shilling on the floor, whereupon the entire family went down upon all fours and scrambled for it. It was secured by one of the princesses, who held it up laughing, while the entire family bade the correspondent a civil good-by.

Sullivan and Ryan, the prize-fighters, contemplated a meeting in Montana. Some obstacles were experienced. The Montana legislators passed a law making the penalty for prize-fighting six months' imprisonment and a possible fine of five thousand dollars. In this city the authorities were stirred up to proceedings against the backers of the pugilists, and the alarm of the backers became such that they withdrew. Finally the principals withdrew also, and there will be no fight. In view of these circumstances, the remark of a Leadville newspaper to the effect that "the people of Montana prefer straightforward honesty to gloved politeness in all events, and particularly in a prize-fight," and that, in the event of any attempt on the part of the boxers to hippodrome the cow-boys, the former "will never be able to testify against the men who shot them," would seem to have been somewhat vain.

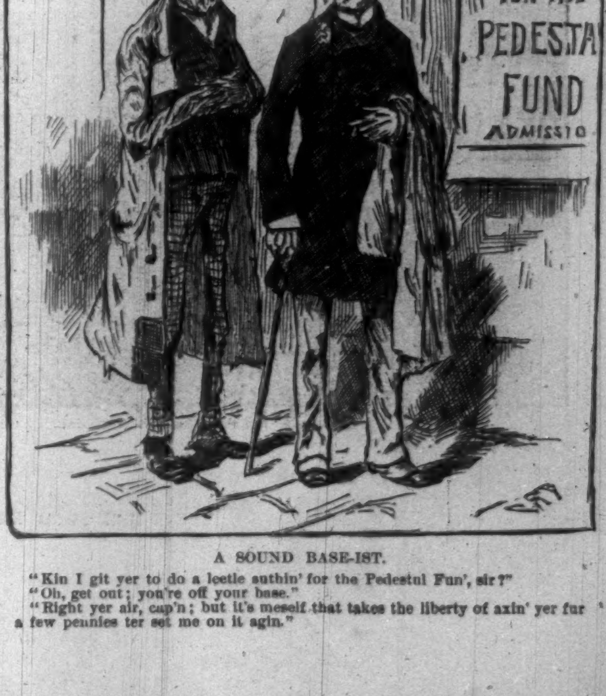
It is said that the steam-yacht *Stiletto*, belonging to the Boston Yacht Club, steamed upward of twenty-two miles an hour on her trial trip, made recently, and that she will probably be able to show a speed of twenty-four miles an hour. The yacht is ninety-four feet long. If she were to set out from Boston with one of the greyhounds of the United States navy on a trip around the world, she would be back in Boston somewhere about the time of the arrival of the government vessel at Singapore.

A scheme for an elevated railroad is on foot in Paris. It is proposed that it shall be finished before the opening of the Exposition of 1889. It will have one track above the other; the fares, according to accommodations, will be five, three, and two cents, and it is contemplated to run the trains in such a manner that the engine of one will never come into violent collision with the rear car of another.

"A dress should not be like a steam-whistle," Oscar Wilde says. That is a neat example of the application of the idea that is contained in a slang phrase without the employment of the slang. Of course it would be quite impossible for one of Mr. Wilde's delicacy of diction to say that "a dress should not be loud," or that "a dress should not be a screamer."

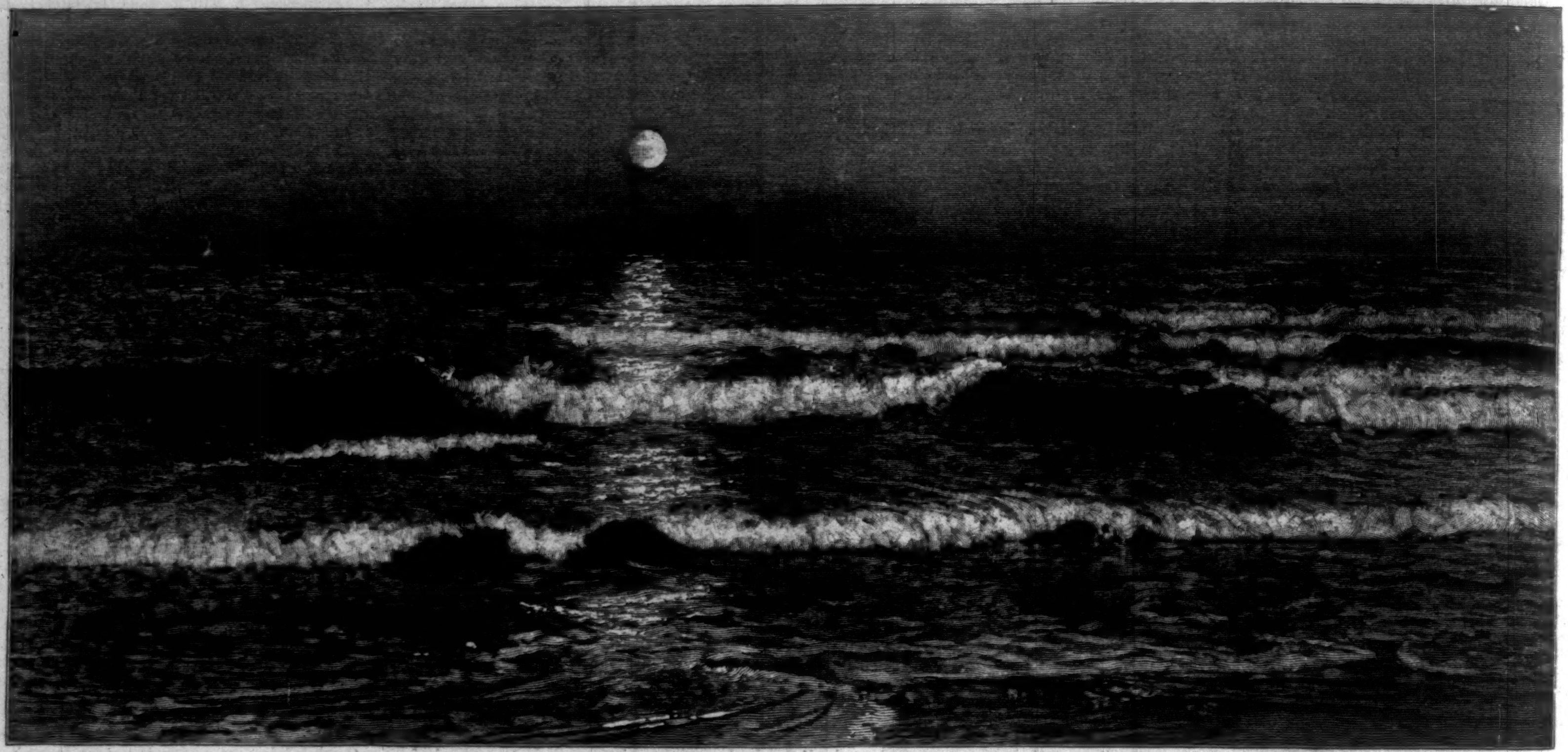
A telephone has been patented over which it is said that persons can easily and distinctly converse between Boston and San Francisco and Boston and the city of Mexico. What New York wants is a telephone which will permit citizens to converse intelligibly with people in White Plains or Bordentown, or which will even unite the City Hall and Twenty-third Street, without undue exasperation to those who undertake to employ it. It will not be pleasant to New-Yorkers to have it come to be said that Boston is the town that talks, and that New York is the town that does not.

A correspondent of the *Harvard Crimson* calls for the establishment of a college course in journalism. He quotes a successful editor to the effect that "the indispensable acquirements of a journalist are a thorough knowledge of the party history of the country, and the general history of the country and of the world, together with a knowledge of common, constitutional, and international law, political economy, logic, principles of criticism, English literature, and the French and German languages." According to experience here in America, the truth is that one may know all these and not be a successful newspaper man, and also that one may be a successful newspaper man without knowing all these.




A SOUND BASE-IST.

"Kin I git yer to do a leetle suthin' for the Pedestul Fun', sir?"
"Oh, get out; you're off your base."
"Right yer air, cap'n; but it's meself that takes the liberty of axin' yer fur a few pennies ter set me on it agin."



LE CRÉPUSCULE.—By Alexander Harrison.

NEAR THE COAST.—By R. Swain Gifford.

THE PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION OF THE AMERICAN ART ASSOCIATION.—[See Page 282.]

A ROUGH DAY.—By Francis M. Boggs.

THE LAST SACRAMENT.—By Henry Mosler.

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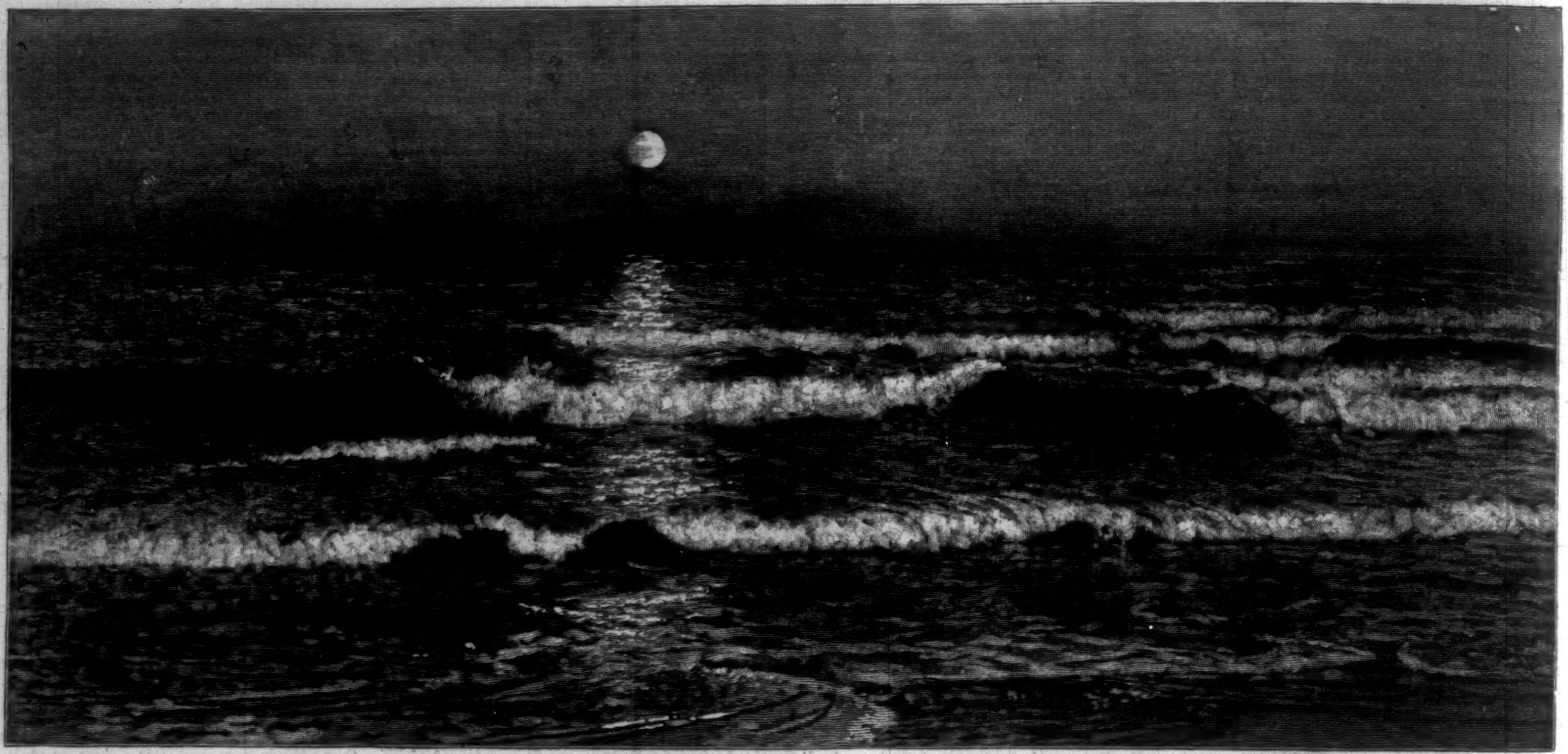

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## THE PRIZE FUND EXHIBITION.

The Prize Fund Exhibition which has just opened at the American Art Gallery is the result of the interest in American art of a number of public-spirited gentlemen of this city and of Boston, St. Louis, Louisville, and Milwaukee. To the first intention to offer prizes of $2500 each for three works by American artists, a fourth prize for a like amount has been added, the four prize pictures hereafter to be severally assigned to the Metropolitan Museum in this city, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, the Louisville Polytechnic Institute, and the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts.

The stimulus of the prize fund has produced an exhibition of unusual interest and importance. The gentlemen who have undertaken that paternal part which has done so much for foreign art have every reason to be satisfied with this first result of their experiment. Size is not an important factor in any work of art, but in this exhibition it has a certain significance. In the annual picture shows comparatively few artists venture beyond canvases of discreet dimensions, suitable to the purse of the average picture-buyer. The endeavor to preserve the relation between purchaser and picture has in a measure defeated that prominence in the exhibitions which the year's advance in art might otherwise be expected to take.

In view of this there is a certain sense of buoyancy felt in entering an exhibition in which the works show such generosity in area. It is at once apparent that the extent of frames is not an evidence of recklessness, but that it incloses the most serious work recently shown, and the real value of the exhibition and the healthful impetus that the fund has given are manifest.

When the exhibition opened, the prizes had been already awarded. A committee of nine contributors to the fund constituted the jury, and the freedom of American citizens to pass their opinions on the verdict has been freely indulged. But there is a certain acquiescence in the result arising from the fact that every one feels that no one has a better right to choose than those who pay, and the decision of the jury is accepted with much more deference than would have been that of a committee otherwise constituted, even if equally competent.

From another point of view than that of the individual preferences of a large number of comparatively indifferent people, the distribution of the prizes seems wise and discriminating.

Concerning "The Last Sacrament" of Mr. Henry Mosler there may be two words said. Of the solid painting, of the satisfactory relations between the accessories, and of the simple, pathetic story, there can be but one. But admirable as it is, there is in it the echo of a twice-told tale, and it is not demanding too much to insist on more individual impressions.

It is just this that is the abiding charm of Mr. Francis M. Boggs's "Rough Day," a painting which has caught the force of the wind and the flavor of the salt spray. The composition of the picture is unusual. There is an expanse of dull slaty sky, in the background near the port a number of objects under the fuss and fury of the gale; but in the foreground, undisturbed except by a single brown sail poised like a bird on the waves, we catch a sense of the breezy poetry of the sea, of the inspiring breath of wind and wave.

Mr. Alexander Harrison's "Le Crépuscule" had made its own place before the present exhibition opened, and every one must be glad that an opportunity offered to seal the appreciation it has received. Treatment so large, means so simple, effect so tranquil, and sentiment so healthful make a combination of merits unusual, and at the same time so naturally harmonious that the great value of the work lies in its power as a simple impression. One receives it at once, and no analysis is needed to sustain it.

"Near the Coast," by Mr. R. Swain Gifford, is the most important work of a series of studies he has made in the same direction. There is a radiant sense of distance in the sky. Beyond is the rim of the coast, and nearer the rich browns and reds of the stunted foliage and the greens of the blown trees, combine in a bouquet of color which gives the canvas a charming decorative value.

It is impossible not to notice in this exhibition the growing divergence of aim between the native landscape and figure painters. A number of canvases here illustrate it. The landscape painters are searching, so to speak, for the heart of landscape, its sentiment and expression. Painting with Mr. George Inness has always been a poetical interpretation. "The Glow of Sunset" in this exhibition is one of the most striking instances not only of Mr. Inness's sentiment, but of his ability to kindle it in others. Mr. A. H. Wyant, arising out of, is differentiated from, "the Adirondack school" by this same quality, although so differently manifested. Mr. James Smillie's poetical conceit, "The Dream of the Obelisk," with its tender elusive color, is like a paraphrase of Heine. "The Morning after the Snow," by Mr. William Bliss Baker, which shows such careful study, is not more conspicuous technically than in the impression it renders. The same can be said in a less degree of the "Winter" by Mr. Arthur Parton, Mr. Ernest Parton's "Birches," and equally of the smaller landscapes of Mr. D. W. Tryon and Mr. Bruce Crane.

The figure painters, on the contrary, devote themselves to technical problems of light, values, and textures. It is at least in this direction that they have found success. Mr. Charles F. Ulrich, Mr. Francis Miller, and more recently Mr. Charles X. Harris, who exhibits two clever works, "The Dress Rehearsal" and "Speak," are conspicuous examples. Native picturesqueness presents alluring themes, of which the most interesting and effective are those presented by Mr. J. G. Brown. "Four of a Kind" is one of the best pictures he has painted. Mr. J. Wells Champney's endeavor to wrest artistic material out of the commonplaces of a New England graduation-day deserves praise for its courage and for the achievement of some good types. Mr. Alfred Kappes varies the white-draped window and flower-pot successfully in "Rent Day" with a couple of old negroes; and exception must be made for "The Morning Call" of Mr. W. S. Smedley, who, of all the younger men, uses his art as a means of expression, which is the more agreeable for its genial humor. But thus far no one finds at home that sympathy and sound painting which can be found in subjects as rude as "The Shepherd" of Mr. Roger Donoho. Mr. George Brush, however, must be credited with his Indian researches.

A noteworthy painting in the exhibition is the St. John of Mr. Joseph De Camp, who seems to have been moved by M. Puvis de Chavannes. But in place of the charm of color of this artist Mr. De Camp substitutes a certain austerity, and calls more lively attention to the osseous development and articulation of the human frame.

## IN A TIGHT PLACE.

It was at that time of the year when the period technically known as the season had closed, and the symptoms, natural and artificial, which accompany the progress of the month of September into its second half were present in their usual prevalence, when Ned Chilton found himself pecuniarily justified in purchasing an excursion ticket, good for ten days only, and availing himself of the "greatly reduced rates" at the Mendon House, under the shadow of Weehausett, for a brief outing. It must be brief indeed; for even the small pickings that come to a young lawyer just admitted to the bar were of importance in his calculation of ways and means, and he must be on hand in his little office—shared by a real estate agent, and with desk-room to let, where the promoter of a Mexican railroad had just failed—for fear that his great case should come and find him absent. And it was the very day following his arrival that, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he was stumbling along the bowlders that fret the current of Rocky Branch, with the recklessness which comes of frequent submersion.

His fish basket thumped lightly against his side, for the spell of preoccupation was upon the eager and not unskillful fisherman, and sadly interfered with the exercise of his craft. For, early as he descended to breakfast, there, in the breezy dining-room of the Mendon House, he had seen an apparition which caused a thrill of mingled alarm and delight in his soul.

A round-faced boy, with short hair, brown cheeks, and other physical evidences of an outdoor life of some months' duration, sat alone, engaged in the demolition of hot soda bread, thin steak, and cakes with maple molasses, with one of those appetites which are unappreciated only by their possessors. It was not so much the boy as the contingencies which the boy represented that caused the commotion in the young lawyer's breast. Where George Burleigh was disporting himself, neither his devoted mother nor his comely sister Alice could be far distant; and it was Alice Burleigh who had, a short three months before, displayed an amount of worldly wisdom little less than incredible for her years in declining the possible honor and preferment of becoming Mrs. Ned Chilton. How much of the purpose of his sister's suitor this youth had divined can not be known; but it was with a sort of reminiscent grin as well as a start of genuine surprise that he raised his eyes to encounter the glance of Chilton, and instantly exclaimed, in a voice largely mingled with potato, "Hello!"

Mastication interfering with the further expression of the boy's sentiments, Chilton was able to return the salutation before George recovered his speech and began to display the usual volubility of his age.

"I say, why didn't you come up here before, Mr. Chilton? It's been getting awful stupid since the fellows went away. Alice is no fun at all, and there's nobody else that's good for anything. Mother thinks so too, for I heard her tell Alice that she hardly expected any congenial society—that's what she said—after August. She says her health forbids her to return; but I know better. If it wasn't that somebody was coming"—and here the boy's tones suggested confidence and buttered biscuit—"I believe she'd go to-morrow."

"Do you expect friends?" inquired Chilton.

"No, I don't," frankly answered the boy; "but mother's bound that he shall see Alice. I heard her talking about it with Uncle George. He's sort of guardian to Alice, you know. I was out on the piazza roof tending to my snake, and I heard mother tell him they could 'talk freely, because Alice was away, and George was in bed.' If my snake hadn't got out of his box I could have heard it all, though it didn't amount to much, except that he was on a tour through the mountains, and would be along this way about the middle of September."

"Who is 'he'?" asked Chilton, undeterred by any fastidious scruples from getting what information he could from this scion of the house with which he had sought to ally himself.

"Why, that Lankton fellow, of course, who's been hanging around Alice. Mother likes him ever so much."

Now this is but a fragment of the conversation, ranging through topics of home and society, sport and adventure, with which the young Burleigh entertained his newly arrived acquaintance at breakfast, with a wisdom peculiar to his years, and a happy freedom of expression that would hardly have pleased either the mother or the sister whom he so easily introduced in his narrative. But this is the portion whose remembrance caused the preoccupation of Ned Chilton's mind so favorable to the continued happy existence of the spotted trout against which he had sallied forth after his early breakfast.

For although he had received his dismissal from the lips of the fair Alice, he had, being an obstinate fellow, by no means relinquished his purpose, and being also foolishly in love, had neither given up his hope; and the appearance of Arthur Lankton as a suitor, favored by parent and guardian, was peculiarly unpalatable. It was not college rivalry which had bred antipathy between these young men, nor yet competition in the business of the law, to which profession each had devoted himself; but the chance which brought them into conflict in the courts had also imposed upon Chilton the unpleasant duty of exposing, in the interest of his client, certain conduct on the part of the opposing counsel which touched close upon unprofessional sharp practice. And the natural consequence was that Lankton heartily hated his former classmate and rival, while Chilton was far from kindly in his sentiments toward such a claimant for the hand of the girl who held captive his own fancy.

The singular coincidence that brought them all to this particular spot in the mountains together, with associated thoughts, had been in Chilton's mind as he fished up the brawling stream all the day with such poor luck, and was uppermost in his cogitations as he unjointed his rod and took the homeward route.

This led him, when near its close, through the Cathedral Woods—a wide and long stretch of heavy pine and hemlock growth that occupied the plateau between the green meadows of the intervale and the slope of the Weehausett range. The lofty stems mounted straight from the ground, bare, after the manner of their kind, until they reached a height of thirty or forty feet, where scraggy branches began to obtrude, finally widening far above the head into masses of foliage that jealously struggled to intercept the sunlight, softly muttering and crowding against each other as the wind swept by. In mid-day it was indeed church-like, and in moonlight it was weird as the woods about Camelot. In the season it was not unusual for church services to be held here, and it was, moreover, a daily resort for such boarders at the houses within the range of a few miles as affected poetry and sentiment and lazy solitude.

It was here that Alice Burleigh had betaken herself that sunny September afternoon, and thither had George, much to her discontent, followed her. His boyish gabble distracted her thoughts from the high romantic subjects of which at that time she considered much, and his unsympathizing practicality jarred upon her customary mood. Therefore it was only with increased annoyance that an exclamation from her brother directed her attention to a figure seen indistinctly making its way along the avenues of tree trunks at a little distance.

"Mr. Chilton! Mr. Chilton!" cried the irrepressible youth, hailing the advent of a more congenial companion. "How many have you caught?"

"Hush, George," said Alice. "Don't call any gentleman here."

"But it's Mr. Chilton, and he's been fishing. You know Mr. Chilton first rate," persisted the boy.

The angler had advanced until too near to either feign ignorance or to make a graceful retreat. The salutations were somewhat awkward on his part, a trifle cold on the other, when George interrupted the formal exchange:

"We're just going to the house, Mr. Chilton; ain't we, Alice? And I wish you'd let me carry your fish for you. You can take Alice's book, or she can put it in the basket."

Chilton had recovered his self-possession enough to realize that if his rival was soon to appear on the scene, fortune had not done him an ill turn by bringing him into the field of action, even in wet clothes; and he set himself to make the most of it, calling in all his resources for agreeable conversation. But Miss Burleigh was in one of her lofty moods, to whose prevalence Chilton conceitedly attributed his rejection, and her responses were not encouraging.

"I suppose it was very gay here earlier in the season," at length ventured her companion. "When I left, all the town had returned, with reports of excursions by day and hops by night."

"Yes, it was quite lively at some of the houses; but mother prefers quiet, and I really don't care much for such things," replied Alice, adding, with an air as if the gravity of a hundred years of worldly experience rested on her young spirits, "I don't find society very satisfying as we have it at these resorts."

"And so you come out for the best of all good company—yourself and solitude. Well, I can't disagree with you. But you see you are not safe even when you take sanctuary in the Cathedral. Society follows you, even in wet boots; and no wonder."

"Please don't make it personal, Mr. Chilton," said Alice, annoyed that she should have led the talk along in that channel. "All my friends know how I feel on this subject. What I do not find in society is a high and earnest purpose, a knightliness, and a true elevation of spirit which I feel confident would make themselves evident in the face and form as well as in the mind of the people who had them."

"*Sana mens in corpore sano*," murmured the young man, quietly amused at this girlish rhapsody.

"There is nothing ideally good or great," went on the young woman, now fairly mounted on her hobby. "It is all commonplace and dull. The girls have their little sentiments, the women have their dress and their children, and the men have their tiresome and vulgar business. They make money and they grow bald. There is no romance in it anywhere. One of King Arthur's knights would be laughed at in our society, but a true woman would worship him."

"This is the very place where one of these knights ought to be found, if anywhere," said Chilton, anxious to make a diversion. "How his charger's hoofs would crush these yellow ferns! But armor would be uncomfortable wear in fighting the dragons of these days."

"You don't understand me," replied Alice, with a touch of haughtiness in her tone. "I could recognize a knight in blue flannel or broadcloth."

Here the path led them out toward the road, from which George was seen running with excitement.

"I told you he was coming, Alice. Now I hope mother will be satisfied, and get ready to go home."

"Who is coming?" asked Alice, a little nervously.

"Why, Mr. Lankton — Arthur Lankton; and he just drove by in one of the teams from Foskitt's. Come along quick, and you will see him."

They met at the supper table. Lankton was a fine fellow, physically and mentally, a model of elegance both in action and repose. His manner was faultless and impressive; and whether he was listening to Mrs. Burleigh's talk of her symptoms, or was interjecting remarks in Alice's fluent conversation on more æsthetic subjects, his tone and his air indicated the most intense sympathy. Chilton recognized him as a dangerous companion where the peace of mind of a romantic young girl was concerned, especially since the first two days developed an evident preference and attraction between the two; while Mrs. Burleigh had the satisfaction, which does not always come to match-makers, of seeing her work prosper under her hands from the start. Chilton saw that, while he had doubtless won the esteem and a measure of the confidence of the girl who had rejected his warmer advances, the brilliant Lankton had already fascinated her, and knowing the man to be in some sort a moral sham, he was by no means content.

One morning, at the end of the first week of his stay, coming down to a late breakfast, Chilton found the Burleigh family, with Lankton in attendance, already packed in a mountain wagon, preparatory to an ascent of Weehausett, and the young lawyer was asked, with more or less cordiality, according to the individual, to make one of the party. He excused himself, and sat down to a solitary meal; in the course of which, revolving all the circumstances in his mind, he decided that his interests, if he had any, would perhaps be better served by remaining near Alice for the short time that was left, not leaving the field to the enemy. It was not too late to reconsider. There would be delay in changing from carriage to saddle at the foot of the mountain, and he could walk there in time to join them on horseback.

A brisk tramp of a few miles brought the young man to the station where guides and horses were taken for the ascent. But with the exception of Mrs. Burleigh, who was comfortably ensconced in the farm-house parlor, her courage having failed at the last moment, none of the party was visible. The rest were already on their way up the great slopes of the mountain, and had taken the last horse from the stable with them.

There was nothing left for him but a day's climbing on his own account, whether or not fortune brought him into the society of his friends. So, cutting a stout staff, he set out with a swinging step up the bridle-path. He passed the cold spring, near which was the fresh imprint of a little boot in the moist earth, telling that here Alice had dismounted, and perhaps drank from the very tin dipper which Chilton, on the chance of it, put reverently to his own lips. He passed on and upward into the region of broad ledges, past small plantations of stunted pines, ash, and cedars. Far above him once he caught sight of the little cavalcade moving like a march of ants. Here the bridle-path made a wide detour to the northward to avoid the precipitous slope of the eastern side. Let him take the chord of the arc described by the travelled way, and he would gain a half-hour and meet them at the summit.

It was a rough scramble after leaving the path; more difficult than he had imagined. He battled his way through interlaced scrub, scaled a slippery incline, clambered a precipice. Then he found himself among bowlders, great fragments split by frost and storm from the ledges, and set standing apart until storm and frost should again dislodge them for a reeling plunge down the mountain. They stood breast-high in terraces, with narrow paths between, or hung balancing over each other. Chilton leaped from bowlder to bowlder on his upward path, helping himself now with his hands, now with his staff.

It was at the end of half an hour's hard climbing that, as he grasped the overhanging edge of one of these obstructing rocks, he saw it lean slowly toward him. The great stone had rested there perhaps for a hundred years, waiting the touch of his hand to disturb its delicate equipoise. Slowly it swayed under the impulse of gravity, and settled down upon Chilton, caught in one of the paths of the stony labyrinth, an immovable rock behind him, others on each hand. Slowly it seemed, but too quickly for escape. One desperate leap he gave, and the descending bowlder settled against his thigh, pinning him with a giant grasp to the rock beneath.

So gently was it done that Chilton failed to realize its power. As well as his constrained position would permit, he grappled the edge of the bowlder and strained to lift it from his pinioned limb. One effort was enough. It rested as firmly as the mountain itself against any strength he could bring to bear.

He had retained his grasp of his staff. This he placed beneath the stone, and endeavored by leverage to shift the weight. The staff bent, then snapped in his hand.

No wonder the young man's brain whirled, or that he leaned his head against the cruel granite that imprisoned him in an agony of fear lest faintness should overpower him and make his

doom certain. For pain had now come. The grinding weight of the stone became each moment less endurable. The dull ache in his fettered limb was followed by sharp pangs, and these became fiery tortures shooting through his whole frame.

Even then the incongruity of his situation and surroundings was not lost upon him. Horribly grotesque it was, this contrast of solemn beauty with intense suffering. The bright September sun never shone on a fairer land than that which lay spread out in intervale and mountain and river and glinting lake and distant villages before his agonized vision. A peace that was hardly life-like lay on it all. And amid all this beauty and glory and peace of nature he was caught to die like vermin in a trap—to figure as a "mysterious disappearance."

It was too horrible. He must cry for help, if only the birds heard him; for the increase of faintness from pain and cramp would soon deprive him of all power to call.

"Help!"

Hardly had the first cry issued from his lips when a distant clatter reached his ears. He called again, and listened. It was in truth a party descending the mountains. Every moment brought nearer the sound of hoofs striking sharply the rocky path and hammering across the bare ledges. Yes, they were surely coming in his direction.

"Thank God!" groaned Chilton. "If I can only make them hear!"

Nearer and nearer came the invisible cavalcade. A light breeze sprang up from the north, and on it was borne to his hearing the sound of an airy laugh mingled with the clank of the horses' steps. Even in his anguish Chilton rebelled at the thought that this laugh was in answer to Lankton's pleasantry. But the breeze that carried these snatches of merriment to Chilton's ears wafted away the cries which he sent up for aid.

"Help! Help!" he called. And "Help!" came back in musical echoes from the opposite hills.

The tramp and the laughter suddenly ceased. Had he been heard? No; the sounds returned again, but fainter. The party had turned the corner, which had momentarily shut off the noise of their march.

For an instant Chilton yielded to despair, and prayed for the insensibility which was so painful in its coming. It was more as a duty than as a hope that he again raised his voice in the solitude, and uttered the monosyllable of such awful import on human lips.

"Help! Help! O God! help me!" he groaned, as he weakly bowed his head on his granite rock.

"Hi!" was the response to his prayer, in a boyish voice.

Raising his glance in wonder, he saw, peering over the level ledge above him, framed in some stunted bushes, a pallid and terror-stricken face, round-cheeked and sunburned, with stains of mountain blackberries about the mouth, and eyes expanded beyond belief.

The angel had come in the shape of George Burleigh.

"George," said Chilton, abbreviating his directions as much as possible, "run after your party, and bring back the guides to get this rock off me."

George was not lacking in perception or lazy in execution; and as Chilton bowed his head again in pain and thankfulness, he stumbled back along the route on which he had recklessly wandered from the path in search of berries, and slid rather than walked down the steep mountain road in pursuit.

From his lofty position Chilton saw the party emerge upon and cross the rocky plateau far below him, and enter the woods where the cool spring flowed. His throat was parched and his body seemed on fire. Then a smaller figure, on foot and with no hat, was seen to dart across the stony ledge, tripping and falling at full length as it went, and to disappear also among the trees.

Chilton was now at liberty to faint, which he did forthwith.

How the two stout guides found him insensible; how between them they managed to raise one end of the bowlder and release his limb from its terrible grip; how George steadied the limp body as it slid down to a safe place among the rocks—of all this Chilton knew nothing. He awoke to consciousness to find himself flat on his back, staring at the bright sky, with scared faces about him, and rough but kindly hands rubbing his limbs.

When at length he was swathed in compresses, put on gruel diet, and stretched on his bed at the Mendon House for slow recovery, he had time for reflection and for explanation. It all came out when George was allowed to visit and talk to the convalescent.

"I tell you what, Mr. Chilton," said he, "if Alice didn't send that Langton fellow kiting!"

"What do you mean?" asked Chilton, with as much animation as could be expected of a man still unable to turn over in bed.

"You ought to have been there," continued the boy, which, as Chilton was, at the moment referred to, under the rock, would have been a pleasure as well as the duty which George's words indicated. "It was when I got to the spring. Mr. Lankton was lying on the ground close by where Alice was sitting, looking up in her face, and asking her something, and I couldn't see where the guides were, and I ran right up to him, and he said, 'Confound the boy!' But I didn't mind that, Mr. Chilton. And I called out to Billy Westman—Billy was one of our guides, and he is a good fellow too—and I told him a man was under a rock up on the mountain. And Westman said, 'Where?' And Mr. Lankton said, 'He's fooling.' And I said, 'I ain't fooling, for it's Mr. Chilton, and he told me to come and get you to help him.' And Westman said, 'Come along, Mr. Lankton, and my brother will bring the horse.' And Mr. Lankton said, 'I don't believe the story,' and he looked wicked, and said he thought he would ride that horse down the mountain himself. And Westman said, 'I'll be hanged if you will, so long as that horse belongs to me.' And Alice she got white as a sheet at first, but now she was red enough, and she drew herself up just as she does when she feels top-lofty, and said, 'Mr. Lankton, you can take your answer right here, and it's no, sir-ee.' She didn't say just those words, but she looked like it. And she pointed to her own horse, and said, 'You may take mine to ride down the mountain, and as far away as you choose, and you will find a side-saddle an appropriate seat for the chivalry you profess.' But he didn't take her horse, though he went right away. I told Alice yesterday I thought she gave it to Lankton first-rate, for a fellow that won't run to help another fellow isn't fit company for a fellow. She said I mustn't say 'fellow' so much."

"George, you're a brick," exclaimed Chilton, somewhat irrelevantly.

"That's another word she says I mustn't say," answered George.

Nothing more was needed to expedite Chilton's recovery. The revulsion of feeling in Alice's mind caused by Lankton's conduct in a moment that called for chivalrous service—although the complex motives working upon him at that time were not all known to her—seemed to have influenced her judgment of the qualities of her other rejected suitor. Lankton was not seen again; and before the family's departure it was Alice's arm that supported, or pretended to support, the limping Chilton in his promenade on the piazza; and it was George who, when tending his snake in the box on the roof of that structure one evening, surprised them both gazing at the moon, and leaning over, again like an angel from above, hoarsely whispered:

"Alice, I'm mighty glad of it. You may 'talk freely.'"

## A SUCCESSFUL RECTOR.

In January of 1883 the regular worshippers of St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square (the oldest Episcopal parish in the city after old Trinity), were full of expectation and speculation on the advent of a permanent rector for the church. For a year and a half previous to this time there had been no fixed minister, the services being conducted, Sunday after Sunday, by what bishop or clergyman the vestry might secure. The attendance at the Sunday services, which had been on the decline for some time, fell off rapidly, till in this church of magnificent proportions there was to be found but a comparatively scant gathering of worshippers. The vestry, and other old and influential residents in the neighborhood, felt that the only way to rebuild this church into its former spiritual eminence was to secure for it a clergyman of wide reputation in the Episcopal Church, of ability, earnestness, vigor, and Christian influence. They found such a man in the Rev. W. S. Rainsford, who was then in St. James's Cathedral, Toronto. They offered the church to Mr. Rainsford, who accepted it only on one condition—that pew rent should be abolished, and the seats in the church made absolutely free. The vestry wisely acceded to this, and a great success in the church itself has resulted. The finances of the church have certainly not suffered from the change. Forty-eight thousand dollars were taken in by the collections last year, and a fair proportion of this sum by the envelope system.

Mr. Rainsford, on his first introduction to his new field, found the ground ready for him, and in one year the seed sown brought forth fruit a hundredfold. From a state bordering on religious apathy, the district over which St. George's Church has spiritual care sprang into one of zealous church work. At the present time the church itself is packed with earnest worshippers, and the number of charitable and religious and secular societies that have been organized and successfully carried on by the new rector and his lay as well as clerical assistants can actually be counted by the dozens.

There has been much inquiry as to the rapid success of Mr. Rainsford's work. In this church how did worshippers, soon after Mr. Rainsford's arrival, begin to come in crowds from all parts, and then remain as permanent members and fellow-workers in one of the finest congregations in the city? The new rector introduced no elaborate ritual, nor was any elaborate musical service arranged. Here are young men well known in so-called fashionable society, members of the F. C. D. C., etc., acting as ushers in the church on Sundays; here are young society ladies teaching in the Sunday-school, visiting the poor in their tenement homes; here are young business men who give up their hours of leisure to mission work among the roughest classes on Avenue A. How has all this come about? Here is a basement room near the church; half a hundred or more rough lads from the streets are sitting in their ragged clothes, evening after evening, reading books, or quietly amusing themselves by playing checkers or other innocuous games. In a building not far from the church two or three hundred factory and shop girls can be found, while among them, instructing, entertaining, helping with good advice and words of encouragement, are young ladies, members of some of the leading families in this city—young ladies who are still fond of society's pleasures in their popular sense—voluntarily giving themselves to this good work. Again the question is repeatedly asked, How has all this come about?

Mr. Rainsford modestly says that he doesn't know. People began coming to his church, and coming, remained in the church. The various little societies and clubs for the young of the parish who need instruction and guidance had to be formed, he says, and so were formed, and grew. Mr. Rainsford worked alone at first, but after a time was able to gather one or two assistants, to whose co-operation, as also to the loyal and magnanimous manner in which he has been supported by the vestry, he largely attributes the results of the work in St. George's.

In spite of Mr. Rainsford's modesty, there is probably no one in his church who will deny that the rector is himself chiefly responsible for the good work that has sprung up and grown around St. George's. Mr. Rainsford has in the first place great personal attractions. A man still young in years, of magnificent physique, six feet four inches in height, with an athlete's shoulders, a fine head, and classic features. As he stands towering above his pulpit rails he looks the *beau ideal* of a muscular Christian. An Irishman by birth, he is a man of liberal education, and a graduate of Cambridge University, England. He has been an extensive traveller in this and other countries. At Cambridge he was well known for his athletic achievements. He is partial to all manly and sensible sports, and is a fine shot with a rifle. When he takes a holiday he generally goes to the Rocky Mountains, and has many a story to tell of his sport against grizzly bears. The skins of four large "grizzlies," which were not long ago shot by him, are now in the rectory of St. George's, reminding him of his vacation sport.

Having established St. George's as a free church, he set to work to have a bright and responsive service.

The church services being successfully arranged, Mr. Rainsford directed his attention to the young. "Churches," he says, "must do more for the young than they have done. The ordinary Sunday-schools do not meet the needs of the case at all. Children must not only be attracted to the Sunday-school, but must be built into the Church and made to feel that the Church is their home." The Sunday-school rapidly increased, and from an attendance of a few hundred has grown now to the number of nearly 1400.

Mr. Rainsford has aimed to give all who manifest any interest in his church, work to do.

"The way to hold people to the Church," he says, "is to give them work to do, and not to try and hold them by the tie of a seat or the tie of fashionable associations."

They can not complain that work is scarce around St. George's. The work, however, was "up-hill" at first, but the sturdy example set by the rector encouraged those who were giving him active help to persevere against many difficulties. In the boys' club (which is purely a secular work), which was started in the basement of the chapel adjoining the rectory, there was no end of trouble. It was opened at first one night in the week; books were sent by friends of the church to form a boys' library; street gamins were invited to make it their evening resort. Young "society" men came to help amuse the boys, and checkers and other games were introduced. The rough element in the boys, however, could not be subdued at once; they broke the windows, stole the books, and did all possible mischief. For many weeks a policeman was kept in the room to preserve order and protect property. But by degrees, by kind treatment and by patience of those who conducted the boys' club, discipline came, and is now well maintained.

The mission in Avenue A was originated by some young gentlemen who had never before done church work. They hired a saloon on Sundays between Sixteenth and Seventeenth streets, and started a mission among the roughest classes, organizing a Sunday-school and Sunday afternoon service. At first these young missionaries were subjected to many troubles; they were pelted with stones and mud by the roughs in the neighborhood, but they persevered bravely, under strong personal encouragement from Mr. Rainsford; and if they haven't converted Avenue A entirely, they are at least making some progress in that direction. They have hired the whole house known as Jefferson Hall, and are unmolested in their good work. There is a reading-room, and once a week a musical and literary entertainment of a high class is given, for which an admission of five cents is charged.

In his evening walks about the scattered districts of his parish, Mr. Rainsford felt the necessity of organizing a work to help, and attract from idle amusement or street loitering, factory and shop girls. His idea was to get some of the nicest ladies in the congregation to meet these girls once or twice a week. The ladies spoken to took the matter up with enthusiasm. A commencement was made with two factory girls. These brought others. Soon there were twelve; a week later, twenty. Then, a branch of the Girls' Friendly Society was formed, and their numbers swelled rapidly. Three hundred factory and shop girls are now enrolled in the St. George's Girls' Friendly Society—girls of all and of no religious denominations. The good ladies who look after their welfare have organized for them cooking classes, sewing classes, ladies' medical lectures, hygiene classes, classes for household work, singing classes, etc.

Another good work established by Mr. Rainsford is the "sea-side" work, by which agency last summer forty-eight hundred poor people were given trips to the sea, and three or four hundred were sent to the sea-side for a week or a fortnight.

One of the most efficient coadjutors of the rector of St. George's in his charitable and in his social work is Dr. Beyea. This physician, of whose assistance Mr. Rainsford speaks warmly, gives many hours daily to the labors of the parish, and no man is better known to the people of the east side from Tenth Street to Twentieth.

Mr. Rainsford is popular in his church and out of it—in the pulpit, in society, and among the poor. He has made a great mark in the pulpit. He is a startling though not a sensational preacher. His ideas are striking, and are flashed out in quick consecutiveness, with a flow of language that gives a glamour to the whole discourse. Few men have at their command such a gift of ready and cultured speech. He is never at a loss for a word. His discourses are mostly extemporary. He takes a few brief notes with him to the pulpit, but soon is taken out of himself, as it were, by his fleeting thoughts. He speaks out his mind frankly and freely, and a sermon from him may certainly be called the elegance of plain talk.

Let the reader go to St. George's and see these things for himself. The church is open all day every day in the week. Outside the main entrance is the Christian invitation, "Come in, rest, and pray." At the corner of Sixteenth Street and Third Avenue, painted boards show the hours of the various and numerous services. A transparency shows the location of the boys' club. At service time the church will be found filled; at other times, on all sides, are to be seen evidences of good work and good influences.

## OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

### BUILDING-PLACES.—ELEVATION.

Elevation above sea-level, as we have seen, will not in itself assure protection against ascending draughts of impure air; but the higher we go, the purer is the air, other things being equal. Each three hundred feet above the sea lowers the temperature about one degree Fahrenheit, as each degree nearer the pole lowers it nearly one degree. The higher we go, too, the rarer the air; and consequently there is less absorption of the sun's rays, *i. e.*, less heat. And there is yet another important difference. The higher we go, the more of this thin air we have to breathe in order to get the requisite amount of oxygen into our blood, and in consequence those who live on the mountains breathe in proportion more deeply than others, and get more exercise and development of the lungs, quite independently of the muscular exercise of climbing. Still more: the air is not only cooler, purer, and lighter on the mountains, but it is richer in ozone. The effect of these combined advantages is such that in Switzerland phthisis is observed to be less frequent according to the height of the residence, and an elevation of six thousand feet gives comparative immunity from the disease. I need scarcely add that in the city the difference of a few feet in elevation makes a great difference in the drainage, and consequently in the healthiness of the site.

In the United States, however, there is little choice of building sites among the mountains. Our civilization has followed the lines of rivers and roads, and never, as in Europe, those of mediæval fortifications and mountain fastnesses as well. Our arable lands, too, are mostly alluvial, and the consequence of these general conditions is that a much smaller part of our population than of the populations of most European countries inhabit even moderately elevated regions. The American invalid seeks the mountain on occasion, but the American citizen generally is a citizen of the plains as yet. In the future, when railroads and lifts will carry us to the mountain-tops, and housekeeping will perhaps be as easy on the top of Pike's Peak as in the Delaware Valley, I think that many of us will go to live on the mountain-tops. Meanwhile, to live even on a hill-top, however desirable it may be from a sanitary point of view, in a new country, generally means deprivation of groceries and post-office, and inaccessibility by the butcher's cart.

A summary of these main points may be made as follows:

Dry, porous soils, whether sand, gravel, or chalk, which are not underlaid with clay, are the best for building sites. Clay or alluvial soils are the worst.

Exposure toward the south and west is preferable.

Avoid building at the foot of a slope; or in valleys where the drainage from higher levels can reach you; or at the very head or on the margin of a steep ravine up which the air currents may bring malaria; or on ground occupied by rank vegetation, or from which the vegetation has been but recently cleared; or on sites, even though they be on hill-tops, which lie near or to leeward of marshes.

Keep clear of low or muddy ground—the higher the better. Live as high, hypsometrically speaking, as your convenience, your purse, or your business will permit.

In an ideal site the ground should fall in all directions to make good drainage possible.

There should be neither stagnant water nor stagnant air near the building.

Whenever a perfect site can not be had, the owner should make up his mind to an increased expenditure in the way of sanitary precautions.

The higher the elevation, the purer the air.

The sum of the whole matter is to get an environment of pure air, pure earth, and pure water.

Dr. Frank Hamilton's remarks on Residence, in his *Health Aphorisms*, may conclude this outline of the subject:

"Fresh-water covering the ground is healthy, but ground lately covered with fresh-water is unhealthy.

"A moist cellar is more dangerous than a wet cellar.

"A basement room is never healthy. The moist and poisonous vapors which float along the surface of the earth are constantly pouring into and occupying these their natural receptacles.

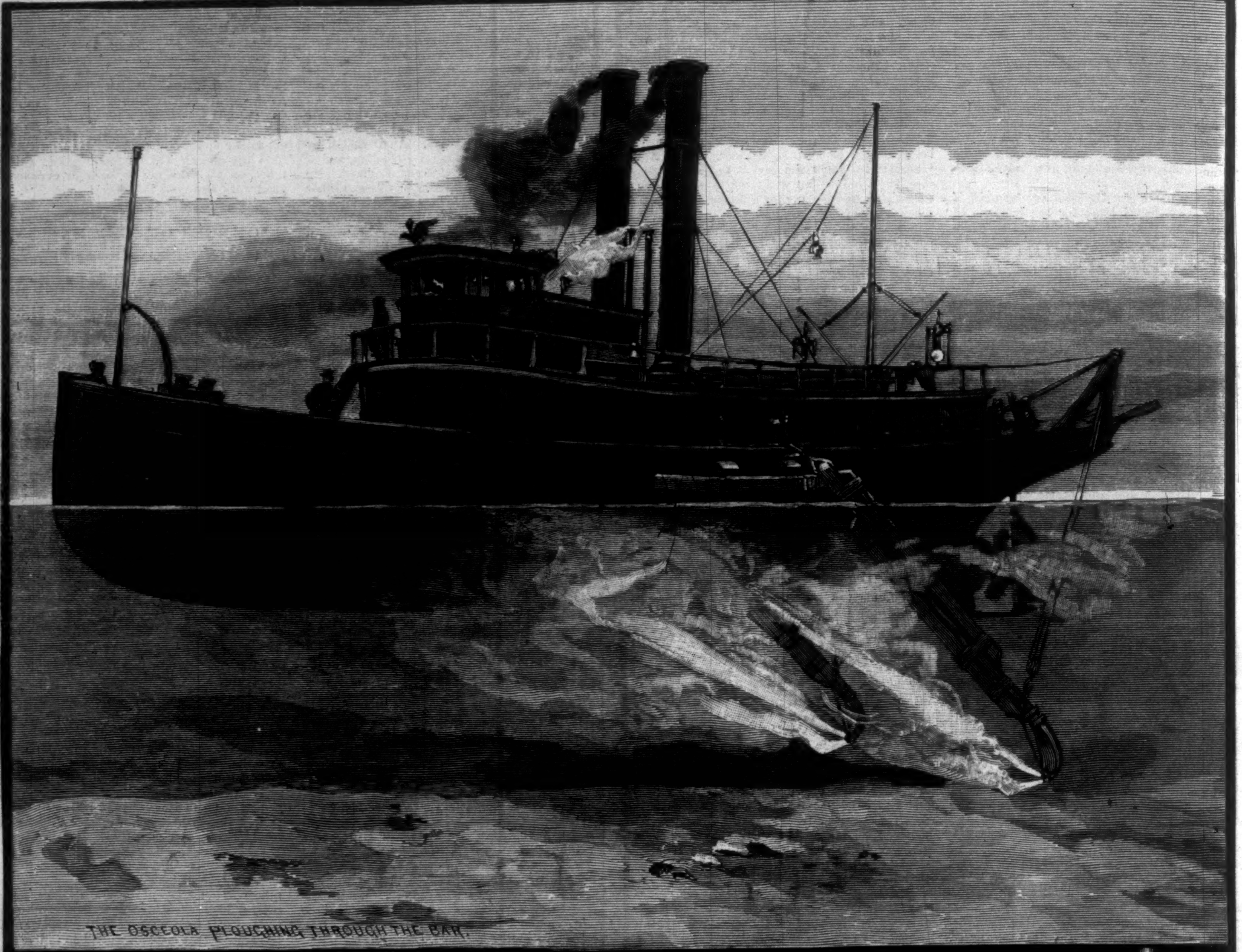
"A house whose windows are covered by vines or shaded by trees or by mountains can not be healthy, since it can be neither light nor dry.

"One case of fever and ague originating in the soil establishes its insalubrity.

"Drain and dry your country premises thoroughly before you occupy them.

"In choosing a residence, inquire of some person who formerly lived in that neighborhood, but has sold out."

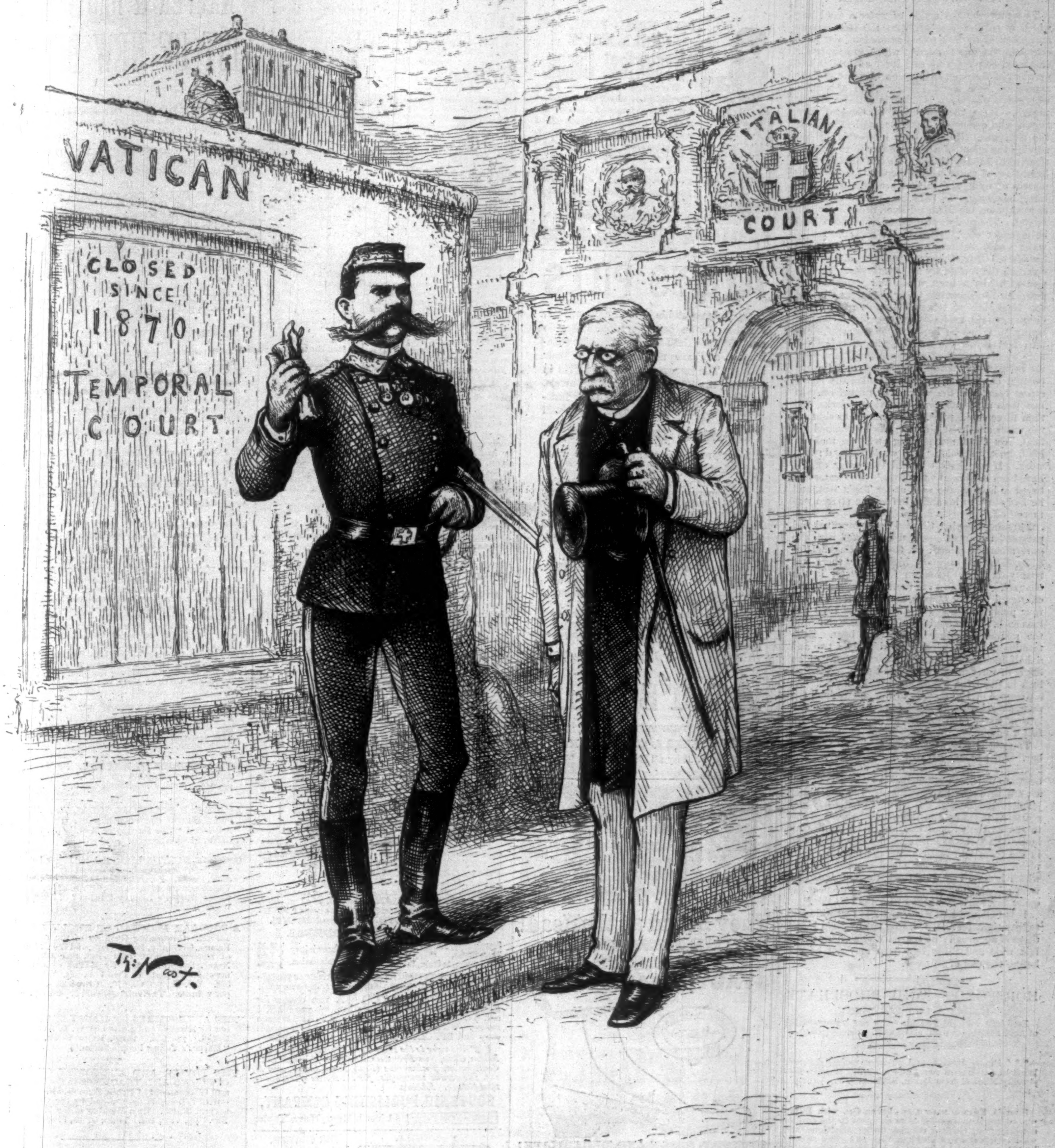
T. M. Coan, M.D.



THE OSCEOLA PLOUGHING THROUGH THE BAR.

RECOVERING BUOY TO RELIGHT LANTERN.

PLOUGHING OUT THE CHANNEL IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—DRAWN BY W. P. SNYDER.—[SEE PAGE 286.]




ONLY A MISTAKE IN THE COURT.

KING HUMBERT TO U. S. MINISTER KEILEY. "As that is the only 'government' you have ever been *loyal* to, they will expect you to go *there*."

## THE AFGHAN BARRIER.

THE Czar rules 100,000,000 subjects; the Queen controls in India 250,000,000. Between the two empires lies the Afghan barrier. What is the Afghan barrier? "To the majority of Englishmen," says Mr. Charles Marvin, in his interesting book on *The Russians at the Gates of Herat*, just published, "it is a vast mountainous region, extremely inaccessible, and peopled throughout with fierce tribes averse to any intercourse with the Feringhi. To conquer it would be a task equal to the Russian conquest of the Caucasus. To attempt commercial intercourse would be to expose England to the risk of having to perpetually avenge brutal murders. For Russia to try to march an army into any part of the Ameer's dominions would be to involve her in those disasters and losses which marked our last Afghan war. If given to strife among themselves, the people are welded together by a common feeling of patriotism against the attacks of outsiders. Irreclaimably cruel, they are best left alone; and even if Russia tore her way through the tribesmen, and broke the Ameer's levies, England could confront the wearied and mauled invaders in the Khyber and Bolan passes, and effectually check an inrush into India.

"Thus, to the view of most Englishmen, Afghanistan is a material as well as a moral barrier. To my view it is neither.

"There is only one possible solution of the Central Asian question. If the Russian advance is to be permanently arrested, we must confront the Cossack with the Sikh. Unless we move up to Russia, Russia will move down upon India. There can be no permanent zone maintained between the two empires. The Russians are posted at the gates of Herat; the English are posted on the hills dominating the avenues to Candahar. Between them lies the Afghan barrier.

"That barrier, physically, is of such a character that the Russians could drive a four-in-hand from their own Cossack outposts to ours, and during the 549 miles' ride they would pass only two towns on the road—Herat with 50,000, and Candahar with 60,000 people. There are bad roads in Afghanistan, but they do not lie between the Russians and the English. There are fierce tribes, but they lie the thinnest between the Czar's soldiers and the Queen's. There are patriotic Afghans, but the least sentimental and the most amenable to European influence lie between the Cossack and the Sikh. There are fearful mountains, but they do not lie along the road I mention. Horrible deserts exist, but in this case the most fertile parts of Afghanistan mark the route. In one word, there is no barrier at all between the Russians and the English, except such as we ourselves may try and create, and interpose to check the advance of the Cossack.

"Let me put the matter more plainly in the shape of a parable.

"A certain man stood at the junction of two roads: one a level railway, along which, in the distance, could be seen a locomotive advancing, and the other a winding post-road, which disappeared over a lofty hill. Seeing him standing on the metals, people shouted to the man to beware of the advancing train. But the man refused to look along the line; he kept his gaze fixed on the old post-road, and replied, 'I can see no stage-coach coming over the mountain; I don't believe in your warnings.' And so he stood obstinately on the metals, refusing to move, until the train came up and cut him to pieces.

"Such has been the attitude of England and her statesmen in regard to the Russian advance upon India. That advance was formerly through Orenburg and the deserts of Central Asia. When English statesmen looked in those days toward the advancing Cossack, they gazed at Cabool and the lofty Hindoo-Koosh in its rear. There *was* a barrier then. But since 1869 the Russians have been advancing in another direction. They have been rattling along the almost level road from the Caspian to Candahar. Still, with woful perversity, English statesmen have refused to divert their gaze from the old mountain road, and have kept looking at Cabool, when they ought to have been watching Herat. To-day they are beginning to glance in the right direction, but unless they rid themselves of all the old-fashioned notions about the Afghans and the Afghan barrier, the Russians will smash their way into India.

"To the Russian official or officer who has made the journey of 3000 miles to get from St. Petersburg to the gates of Herat, what is the trumpery 549 miles of easy road intervening between him and the Pishin outposts? The Herat-Candahar region may be a barrier to politicians who have passed their lives in babble and barleycorn measurements, but to Russians, accustomed to think no more of a thousand miles' journey than the Londoner does of a 'bus ride to the Bank, the distance separating the Cossack from India is grotesquely insignificant."

## THE WATER-PLOUGH.

To remove by the action of water a sand bar which is subject constantly to the tremendous movement of the sea seems anomalous, but nevertheless water is the agent which is now being employed to plough up and level off one of the greatest of the sand bars which obstruct the entrance to New York Harbor. The apparatus wherewith this work is done is called a water-plough. It is the invention of General ROY STONE, who commanded the Bucktail Brigade in the civil war. He had been impressed by observing the effect of a jet of water in the operations of hydraulic mining. He had seen the confined flow of water loosen the earth about huge masses of rock, and in time send the rock tumbling headlong. In 1878 he saw the engineers at work upon the Diamond Reef, near Governor's Island. The reef was composed of bowlders held in compact clay. He thought that the jet of water would tear away the clay and release the bowlders. TOM CONKLING, an old diver, went down on the reef to try an experiment. He carried with him a hose, which was attached to a powerful force-pump. Other engineers doubted the feasibility of General STONE's plan. TOM CONKLING said, as he went down, "It's no use trying." When he landed upon the reef, nineteen feet below the surface, "he strapped the hose to his waist," says an account, "and held the nozzle firmly between his knees, with the end pointed beyond his toes. He pulled the signal string once, and the water was turned on. In less than a minute came two violent jerks, and then three rapid pulls. That meant to shut off the water and hoist him up. As he reached the float, TOM CONKLING, panting and pale, took off his helmet, and said: 'It 'll work, General; it 'll work. If you hadn't turned the water off, I'd have been in China by this time.' The water had bored a hole in the reef under TOM's feet, and he had sunk to his waist before the stream was turned off."

Pursuing the plan, General STONE invented and patented an apparatus, and contracted with the government to plough out Gedney's Channel for $180,000. At ordinary high water there are twenty-six or twenty-seven feet of water in the channel. Thirty feet are wanted. General STONE chartered the tug *Osceola*, and had placed in her four pumping engines of a capacity of 1200 gallons each. Pipes ten inches in diameter run from the pumps on either side of the boat. Each terminates in two nozzles, of which one, two and a half inches in diameter, points upward at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the other, half an inch in diameter, points slightly downward. At a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch the pumps send through these four nozzles 4800 gallons of water each minute, at the speed of 7000 feet a minute.

The tug is now at work on Gedney's Channel bar. An account says of the first trial: "The hydraulic ploughs were lowered, and the pumps began to work. The horizontal water jets drilled a path through the tough sand, and the upper jet blew the sand to the surface of the bay and scattered it. The ebb tide carried the sand out to sea at the rate of one and a half miles an hour. Particles of sand could be seen suspended in the foam and froth above the nozzles of the pipes. When the *Osceola* had crossed the bar, which is 4000 feet wide there, the water-ploughs were raised, and the tug went back to repeat the operation, working always with the ebb tide."

It is believed that a channel 200 feet wide and twenty-eight feet deep will be cut by June 1, and there is apparently no reason why a channel 480 feet wide and thirty feet deep may not be cut before the end of summer.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

MAKES A COOLING DRINK.

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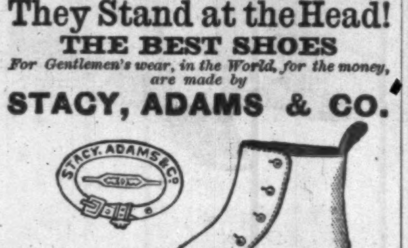


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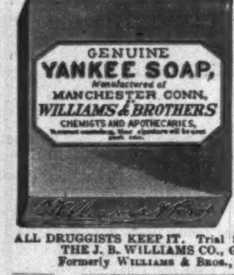


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